The Nation

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THE Nation announces with heartfelt regret the voluntary retirement from its service of its fifth editor, Mr. Harold de Wolf Fuller. For four years—the most trying years in the history of journalism—he has conducted The Nation with clear vision, with complete loyalty to the democratic ideals so endangered by German military ruthlessness, and with even-handed justice. We believe that our readers will agree with us that Mr. Fuller has not only lived up to the best traditions of The Nation, but that this journal has grown in usefulness and vigor under him—a belief confirmed by the remarkable increase in its circulation during his editorship.

Oswald Garrison Villard now assumes editorial responsibility for The Nation, with Henry Raymond Mussey, lately of the Department of Economics of Columbia University, in charge as managing editor. To him all manuscripts and communications should be addressed.

The Week

MR. HOOVER'S statement, backed up by that of Lord Rhondda, gives the people of this country to understand that they will have to make certain sacrifices in order to meet the necessities of the Allies. Even before our Food Administrator obtains increased powers of regulation a great agitation should be inaugurated for greater economy on all hands, and greater willingness voluntarily to obey the few rules of economy laid down from Washington. Not all public eating places observe meatless and wheatless days, and not all households. The garbage-can still proves that other nations would be able to live on what we daily throw away. A sense of the value of every crust of bread should be cultivated in young and old, in every home and every public eating establishment. It is much easier to sweep a half loaf of wheat bread into the garbage-can than it is to grow the wheat that makes that half loaf of bread. As yet we have not, ourselves, suffered for want of bread, and it is to be hoped that we shall not suffer in the course of this war. But in Europe there are thousands of men and women and children who view a crust with eager eyes and to whom it is an article of real value. It should be brought home to every American that it is criminal to disobey Mr. Hoover's food regulations and equally so to waste food.

ONE would be grateful for a word from Secretary Baker regarding the scope and purpose of his little Monday journeys in the field of European strategy. Are they a necessary part of the administration of the War Department, or are they the playful by-products of a reflective and curious mind? The distinction is important. When the enemy will endeavor to strike a decisive blow in the west," it is of considerable interest to the American people whether the Secretary of War knows or whether he is merely guessing like the rest of us. When we are told that "the most powerful submarine offensive hitherto undertaken may be expected to be launched against our lines of communication with France," it is of consequence to know just what are Mr. Baker's tables of expectancy. The Secretary of War cannot help recognizing that his Monday talks are putting him on record, and that Congressmen and plain people will be justified in asking how this or that policy of the War Department relates itself to the next development in the battlefield as prognosticated by Mr. Baker. The common or garden variety of military expert on the newspapers has long grown reconciled to see his predictions of Monday go by the board on Wednesday. Is Secretary Baker prepared to see his suffer the same fate?

CAN it possibly be that universal military service is not the infallible democratic solvent that Colonel Roosevelt, the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew, the National Security League, and all the other patriotic advocates of world peace through Prussianization have so vociferously proclaimed it to be? Of course, we have always known that it was good for mumps, measles, broken bones, and all the other ills that afflict American children; yet we have had lingering doubts about its democracy. And now, to add to our mental confusion, comes a British soldier, who has lived for eighteen months in the life-and-death democracy of the trenches, only to speak thus in a thoughtful letter to the London *Nation:*

> The man in the ranks has a keen nose for cant and humbug. Nothing, for instance, annoys him much more than a remark which is constantly being made at home—that life at the front has brought the classes together, united them in a common bond of sacrifice, and so on. It is strange that so many people at home should still have this impression. One would have thought that it would be obvious to every one that in an institution which has as its main principle the drawing of a rigid line between officer and man any lack of sympathy between the classes is likely to be accentuated. And that is exactly what has happened. Only those who have been in the ranks overseas for months can know anything of the real ideas and feelings of the men. The officer is not allowed to know anything.

This soldier evidently speaks from too narrow a point of view; he should come to the United States and learn from eminent and wealthy patriots what compulsory military service really means for democracy.

WASHINGTON announced a few days ago that Holland had signed a provisional agreement whereby the more than eighty Dutch vessels in our waters were to go under American charter for one return trip: and now comes an angry protest from the German newspapers against this agreement and our negotiations with Scandinavia. Recalling the Tubantia and other incidents, the Dutch must smile grimly over the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* remark that they owed Germany the duty of resisting Anglo-American pressure, and recalling the length and caution of the negotiations, over its certainty that they have "sacrificed their

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most valuable national asset." The *Kölnische Zeitung* exclaims over the "typically American" brutality and insolence of our demands, and with remarkable insight perceives in our actions the double intention of making the British blockade more effective and bringing neutral tonnage into our own and the Allied service. As a matter of fact, the use of more than 350,000 tons of Dutch shipping for even one return trip, stated to be assured by the agreement of January 21, should mean much for the relief of our own and Allied shipping by the taking over of Belgian shipments of food, the assumption of coastwise service, and possibly the undertaking of long voyages to Australia and Argentina. It means more as the almost certain forerunner of a later agreement of longer date.

WHEN the German Chancellor declared that it had never been the plan of the Government to make annexations in Belgium, it is evident that he was not believed even in Germany. Scheidemann did not believe him, and called upon him to abandon the tricky schemes of dealing with Belgium as it had been sought to deal with the Russian provinces. It is plain that the *Vorwärts* did not believe the Chancellor, for it demands that he leave off shuffling and agree at once to an "honorable" evacuation and restoring of Belgium. It is, indeed, a piece of effrontery for von Hertling to say to the world that the keeping of Belgium never entered into the schemes of Germany. He cannot have forgotten—at any rate, the world has not—the petition voted June 30, 1915, by more than a thousand German professors, clergymen, city officials, judges, merchants, writers, etc. One section of it read as follows:

> *We must keep Belgium firmly in our hands* as regards political and military matters and as regards economic interests. In no matter is the *German nation more united in its opinion;* to it the retention of Belgium is an indubitable matter of honor.
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> . . . Belgium will bring us an immense increase of economic power. As regards population, she also gives us an important increase, particularly if the Flemish element, which in its culture is so closely related to us, can in course of time be freed from the artificial Latinizing influences that surround it and be brought back to its Teutonic character.
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> . . . *To the inhabitants of Belgium no political influence in the Empire is to be conceded; and, as in the districts to be ceded by France, the most important enterprises and landed estates are to be transferred from hostile to German hands.*

And now it is wicked to intimate that Germany ever wanted to grab the land of others! And the Chancellor is pathetic and reproaching because the civilized world adjudges Germany "guilty." But is not the confusion displayed in Germany to-day exactly the confusion of guilt?

LENINE'S exposition of the theory of class warfare is clean-cut and uncompromising. The bourgeois classes, from whom hitherto have come the rulers and commanders, "must decisively reconcile themselves to the idea that a simple peasant or soldier will command them, and they will be compelled to accept the new order of things." What Lenine must have meant is the new disorder of things. It is obvious that a simple peasant can act as commander-in-chief when the duties of a commander-in-chief, as now in Russia, are not to organize but to disorganize an army. A plain sailor can be made admiral of the navy when the duty of the fleet is not to fight enemy ships, but to train guns on a Constituent Assembly. The office-boy in the Petrograd National Bank may become president of the bank if the object of banking is to repudiate public debts instead of paying them. We do not deny the right and the capacity of the peasant, sailor, and office-boy to rise to the highest place in the state through education and training. It happened under Napoleon and it has happened in the United States. But Jefferson did not mean that when it comes to filling the job of Curator of the Natural History Museum all men are immediately equal. It will be noticed that Lenine, Trotzky, Joffe, and Kamenev are not simple peasants and sailors.

SIR EDWARD CARSON'S departure from the War Cabinet, in order to give himself a free hand with the Irish question, which may any moment come to an issue, lends itself to various interpretations. Carson's reference to his "personal obligations as leader of the Ulster Unionist party" may conceal a threat if we recall that Carson was the organizer of Ulster obstruction before the war to the point of threatening armed resistance. On the other hand, he later showed himself in a more conciliatory mood, as when he shook hands with John Redmond and expressed his hopes for the success of Lloyd George's labors in working out a compromise. That scheme of conciliation was wrecked by the "die-hards" with Lord Lansdowne at their head. That Lloyd George is now bending every effort to prevent the failure of the Irish Convention we may take for granted. Even more important than the material results of a reconciled Ireland, the moral gain to the cause of the Allies would be so great that we are bound to hope that at the last moment pessimism may be belied, as judgment has more than once been deceived by sudden events in the course of the war. Failure in Ireland would cast its shadow over broader fields. It would then be the occasion to recall that the Lord Lansdowne whose manly plea for a statement of reasoned war aims has aroused such echoes in the world is the same Lansdowne whose efforts thwarted conciliation in Ireland. Color would then be lent to the charge that Lansdowne and men of his type are anxious for peace because they would have a free hand to impose their will on the people of Great Britain.

BUT in spite of assurances from Carson that his going has nothing to do with war policy, and counter-assurances of perfect agreement from Lloyd George, it is a safe conjecture that war aims did have a part in the Ulster leader's resignation from the War Cabinet. In that body of six members he was one of the four Unionist representatives, and undoubtedly the most influential, since Bonar Law's duties as leader of the House and Curzon's activities in the House of Lords left only Lord Milner and Carson as active participants in the War Council. But the change which has latterly been coming over the spirit of Great Britain's war policies, notably the growing influence of Labor and Lloyd George's recent restatement of war aims, has obviously been out of accord with Carson's imperialistic views. Thus several months after Arthur Henderson, as representative of Labor, was forced out of the War Cabinet on the Stockholm issue, by methods which Henderson severely resented and in which he found Lloyd George to be implicated, handsome amends are being made to the Labor influence by Lloyd George's deferential attitude to the trade-union organizations, and now by the departure of the chief representative of the policies so sharply criticised by the labor organizations.

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WHEN we speak of the abolition of secret diplomacy as one of the essential conditions of future world peace, it is not on the mere mechanism of the old diplomacy we must fix our minds. There will never be a time when the ideal of open diplomacy will be realized in the sense of every move by every Minister and diplomatic agent being made in the unequivocal light of day. Let it be recalled that at Brest-Litovsk there have been charges and countercharges of underhand dealing. The chief of the Bolshevik delegation has been accused by the other side of giving to the Petrograd press a speech which purported to have been delivered at Brest-Litovsk, but which was never spoken there. The basic idea of open diplomacy is that the wire-pullings of the diplomats must not bind the peoples. It has taken the tragedy of war to sap the tradition that a nation is committed by the secret operations of its diplomatic agents, no matter how summarily the diplomat's tricks would have been rejected by the people if they had been known. Open diplomacy will be established when national policy is emancipated from the tyranny of the *fait accompli*. And, on the other hand, when the power of attorney has been wrested by public opinion from the hands of the diplomats, the latter will have no temptation to go on filling in blank checks against the welfare and the honor of the peoples.

THE self-conscious look that comes into the faces of various estimable gentlemen whenever 1920 is mentioned does more credit to their imaginations than to their memories. Have they so soon forgotten the hard jolts that befell the wiseacres of 1916? Is even 1912 such ancient history? Yet we are beginning to hear wails from this man's and that man's (unnamed) friends over the "treachery" of this leader or that, until we are driven to take a glance at the almanac to reassure ourselves that this is only 1918, and that the Republican delegation from New York to the National Convention is not actually in process of being chosen. A foreign observer might easily be tempted to conclude that the real purpose of our State primaries was to keep the Governor in line for nomination to a higher office. The most piquant forecast for 1920 is that of two Presidents running against each other for a third term, but we have too much faith in the ingenuity of political correspondents to believe that this will not be outdone many times before the race actually begins.

IN criticising Gov. Philipp for his delay in taking steps to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Husting, Judge Dodge spoke the feeling of citizens of Wisconsin of all parties. The Governor has been giving the impression of being determined to play politics in the matter to whatever extent he might see an advantage for himself in so doing. When protest grew insistent over the State being left with only one Senator at Washington, he obtained a formal opinion from his Attorney-General that he could not be mandamused into performing his duty! Judge Dodge ridiculed the legal soundness of this opinion, but its moral soundness, to say nothing of its political wisdom, had already been properly appraised. Now at last the Governor has called the Legislature in special session—to give him power to name the new Senator. Wisconsin must have a patriot in the Senate, and only Gov. Philipp can be trusted to send one there. For sheer effrontery this comes close to breaking the record.

WILL wonders never cease? Gifford Pinchot gives his unqualified approval to the Administration's bill for developing the unused water-power of the country. He declares that it is "admirably drawn," and that it embodies all the "principles" for which he and other conservationists have stood. Of course, Mr. Pinchot fears that attempts will be made in Congress to inject poison into the pure measure. He warns against efforts to bedevil it. But as it stands he heartily endorses it, and accords to President Wilson unstinted praise. After this, we may expect the Security League to come out in defence of Secretary Baker, the Navy League to apologize to Secretary Daniels, and the Colonel to admit that they didn't know everything down in Oyster Bay. Who says the age of miracles is past?

THE plea for a new trial for Thomas J. Mooney, made by the President's special mediation commission, is partly based on the ground that the case is of international significance. The conviction of Mooney was followed by an outburst of protest in Russia which awoke our Eastern public. The very judge who tried him thinks his conviction unwarranted. If the Supreme Court of California refuses to interfere, there will be a wide impairment, as the commissioners say, of the "faith that our democracy protects the lowliest and even the unworthy against false accusations." At any time it would be important that the case should be properly reviewed, but it is especially important now.

IN a time of plans for a closer union of natioins, a reunion of the parts of churches split by our Civil War would not seem over-difficult. Slavery is dead, reasons the disinterested layman, what is to hinder a healing of the breach? Unfortunately, while slavery is dead, the negro question is still very much alive. As Bishop Hamilton points out in the *Christian Advocate*, there is even a parallel with conditions before the war, in an attempt by "some brethren" in the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, to strike a blow at the ecclesiastical equality that the Northern negro has enjoyed, for the sake of reconciling "certain brethren in the South who would nullify the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States." This manœuvre, worthy of Stephen A. Douglas, is defended as being good for the negroes themselves. who may thus develop their own culture. In reality, "it is in the interest of a comfortable indulgence of traditional prejudice."

THE amalgamation of the Yale and Princeton Clubs constitutes one of the most curious by-products of our entry into the European conflict. Hitherto college spirit, reaching out after graduation into an alumnus's life, was supposed to bind him to his fellow-alumni by a sort of mystic bond, the outward and visible sign of which usually was a clubhouse in every sizable community. A man might belong to a dozen societies, but none had so intimate a grip on him as that which bore his alma mater's name. Yet if graduates' clubs are emptied by the army and navy and the Aviation Corps, and club dues no longer meet club expenses, then practical minds must join to take practical measures. It will be an interesting gathering, this of the alumni of two systems of education alleged to be so different, so entirely different. Will a casual visitor be able to tell at a glance which of a dozen men lounging in well-upholstered armchairs are Yale and which Princeton men?

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The Wedge Between Austria and Germany

THE news from Vienna and from Berlin admits of but one interpretation. There is a growing divergence between the official views of the Austrian and German Governments. By so much, the open diplomacy of Lloyd George and President Wilson is winning success. Both of them, in their latest statements of war aims, plainly sought to detach Austria from the Prussian militarists—at least in the sense that the Austrian Government would no longer submit blindly to Prussian dictation, in matters of both war and peace. And now comes convincing evidence that the Austrian worm is turning. It is only necessary to place side by side the speech of Count Czernin in Vienna and that of Count von Hertling in Berlin to see that the two statesmen are in open disagreement. This is true in general, and it is true also in detail.

Referring directly to President Wilson's statement of January 8, the Austrian Foreign Minister declares that it outlines bases of peace acceptable to Austria. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that there is no reason why the United States and Austria should not open negotiations for peace, seeing that they are already so nearly in agreement! But the German Chancellor holds a different tone. He could accept only the first four of President Wilson's fourteen points, asserting that the rest were "unsatisfactory." As to the occupied territory in Russia and in France, Count von Hertling affirms that this is a question to be settled by Germany alone. That whole matter he would take out of the terms of a general peace. And though Count Czernin is ready to leave the decision of the Polish question to the Poles themselves, here again the German Chancellor dissents, insisting that it is for the Central Powers to determine what shall be done in Poland. Hertling is fairly reasonable, though in a conveniently vague way, about Belgium, and admits the more moderate and conciliatory attitude of the British Government; but demands that the enemies of Germany make new proposals. This at the very time when the Austrian Government announces its willingness to proceed upon the existing proposals. The contrast is evident.

Behind the differing Governments stand differing forces. The pressure upon Count Czernin is that of a nation sunk in misery, hopeless of a military victory, and desperately longing for peace. Unless it comes speedily, there may be a revolution in "Austria infelix," with another fallen dynasty. As for the German Chancellor, it is his voice we hear, but the words he speaks have been put into his mouth by others. He is virtually the spokesman of a Council of War. As at Brest-Litovsk, in the negotiations with the Russians, it was a soldier, Gen. Hoffmann, who in rough words made clear what lay behind the ambiguous phrases of the civilian officials, so in Berlin it is Hindenburg and Ludendorff and the Crown Prince and the militarists in general who are really expressing the present mind of the German Government.

If we may consider all the official statements and governmental moves of the past month as tantamount to the beginning of peace negotiations, we must see in the speech of the German Chancellor a rejection of the terms offered by the Allies and the United States. Count von Hertling seems to think that fresh proposals can be made as easily as the German Government can find a humbugging formula for what it desires to do in Russia. But in this, Germany diplomacy is again deluding itself. No one would pretend that President Wilson's terms must be accepted without any shading or abatement. In regard to Alsace-Lorraine, for example, such a solution as that just proposed by Maximilian Harden —to make peace and have a plébiscite after an interval of three years—might sufficiently meet the demand of Lloyd George and the President. But it cannot be thought that the programme for a general and lasting world-peace will be whittled away to suit the notions of the German military autocracy. The plan is a whole, to be taken or rejected as such. And Germany—especially the German people—should be given to understand that the committal of the Allies and the United States to a peace programme means committal to fight for it until it is accepted in its broad outlines. This is the solemn declaration which the British Labor Congress has just made. It doubtless represents the united and determined purpose of all the nations at war with Germany. So that what the German Government would be inviting by an absolutely unyielding position would be a further slaughter to gain what it never can gain by force of arms. And it might also be inviting a popular uprising in Germany like that in Austria. Scheidemann boldly warned the Government that it was playing with fire, and that conditions in Germany were not unlike those in Austria. Unless, therefore, the German Government comes to something of the sane mind shown by the Austrians, the civilized world must prepare to resist German militarism at all costs, should it not be overthrown by a revolution at home.

Progress Towards Free Trade

NOTHING is more important for future peace than development of free trade among nations. Happily, the prospects of trade liberalism have greatly improved during the year just past, and President Wilson signalized the coming of the new year with a courageous call for "the removal, as far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance." No wonder that our protectionists are startled. "What else can it mean," asks Senator Smoot, "than an elimination of all tariffs?" What indeed? As Senator Curtis truly remarked, "If the President had talked about the removal of political barriers or diplomatic discriminations, that would have been a different thing." Are the sentinels on the watch-towers of trade privilege justified in taking alarm?

A year ago the outlook for free trade seemed dark indeed. With Germany's Middle European scheme before their eyes, the Allies in the Paris resolutions of June, 1916, had pledged themselves after the war to refuse the Central Powers most-favored-nation treatment, to decline to sell them raw materials, to boycott their goods, and to prohibit their subjects from doing business in Allied countries. The Teutonic and the Allied scheme between them threatened to divide the world into two mutually hostile economic groups. Nor was this all. Rampant nationalism and imperialism, inflamed by war passions and reinforced by war's imperious financial demands, were threatening free trade in its one existing stronghold, Great Britain. The British protectionist movement, dead in 1914, had been called back to life; its leaders were looking confidently to protection and preference after

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the war. Indeed, the associated chambers of commerce of the United Kingdom had gone so far as to call for a tariff with four schedules of rates, rising progressively against the colonies, the Allies, the neutrals, and the enemy countries. Within the Government itself, Mr. Bonar Law, as Secretary for the Colonies, had put the Paris resolutions into effect on his own account by proclaiming, for a period of five years after the war, without the formality of Parliamentary sanction, an export tax on certain palm products sent out from the colonies, thus taking the first step in cutting off German materials.

During the past year the United States and the radical European labor movement have suddenly changed the whole aspect of things. The United States, for half a century the home of Bourbon protectionism, has now by the President's action been made the champion of trade liberalism. First, President Wilson expressed the universal Allied abhorrence of a militarist, economically exclusive *Mitteleuropa*. Then, in his reply to the Pope he served the Allied statesmen well by putting an effective quietus likewise on their pernicious Paris resolutions: "The establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues we deem inexpedient and in the end worse than futile." He has now gone beyond the reply to the Pope; for he not only opposes the creation of new barriers, but actually calls for the removal of existing ones. Seeking to draw the Central Powers after the war within the all-embracing net of mutual economic relationships, he throws out a clear hint of free trade as a foundation of the league of nations, and an implied economic threat against any outlaw state that does not consent to play its part in that league.

The wise statesmanship of the President has not hesitated to associate itself in this particular with the rising radical forces of Europe, just as he has joined with the Bolsheviki in the matter of general peace principles; for the British Labor party has now spoken out unequivocally for free trade and the open door, and for no discrimination against now hostile countries, as essential elements in a genuine peace. Evidently any fight for protection in Great Britain will thus have to be waged against a labor party united to defend the traditional policy. Join the radical labor element to the old Liberal free-trade group, and, now that the Paris resolutions are practically annulled, you have an excellent prospect for the maintenance of Britain's historic practice in matters of trade. Radical democracy everywhere is inclined to favor trade liberalism; and radical democracy is now reinforced by a widespread realization not only of the inequity of protective tariffs, but of their influence in breeding national animosities and so making for war. The peoples, as opposed to their rulers, are going to have little further patience with the things that make for war. Again the President has chosen his alliances wisely.

In the United States there is as yet no radical or revolutionary force comparable with that which is staring every statesman in Europe in the face. Our trade liberalism comes from a different source. After a half-century of unbending protection, the United States in 1913 yielded to the desire of its manufacturers for foreign markets and took a long step towards freer trade. The war has aroused an intense spirit of nationalism here as everywhere in the world, yet our country has seen no real recrudescence of the protectionist propaganda. Meanwhile our export trade to South America and the East grows steadily, and out of our vast European war trade a permanent residuum is bound to be left. This very development of our export business is constantly increasing the influence of those business interests that desire trade freedom and not trade restriction. Purely commercial interests are beginning to dictate a liberal policy in the United States.

With the two great English-speaking democracies standing for trade freedom, and with the radical forces of the world coming to their support, the advocates of that policy, so essential to the peace and prosperity of the world, may well take courage. Hard battles are ahead. Doubtless the peace settlement can take little more than the first steps towards a league of nations with its twin requirements of disarmament and free trade. The protectionists will lose no chance to utilize existing hatred and suspicion for the further fencing of their preserves. It will be no easy task defeating them. Yet future generations may count it not the least of Woodrow Wilson's services that in a dark hour he recalled a mad world to sane ideas of trade relations, and dared in proclaiming those ideas to ally himself with the radical forces that are threatening the world with a new and strange epoch. What nineteenth-century middle-class liberalism failed to accomplish for the world at large, twentieth-century labor radicalism may yet bring about.

The Railways, Now and After the War

DISCUSSION of the experiment in Government control of the railways has directed itself chiefly to these questions: Would Government control solve the immediate and urgent problems of war-time transportation which private management had failed to solve; and what would be the relation of Government and railways at the end of the war? The testimony of the Director-General before the Senate Committee has touched on both points. Mr. McAdoo stated that even with the new possibilities of unified operation, the freight blockade could not be overcome "in a day or a week, or two or three weeks, but it can be done eventually." A large part of the trouble has arisen from delay in unloading freight cars, but "shortage of motive power and shortage of labor" were primary influences. As to why the remedial measures had been so slow in making themselves felt, "there are some conditions that no human skill and ability can overcome. For three weeks we have had successive blizzards and harbors blocked with ice."

This was a perfectly fair statement of the case. In any effort to pass judgment on Government operation to date, it must always be remembered that the abnormal cold wave and the abnormal series of snow blockades came on the scene less than two days after the new experiment had been undertaken. The public does not always realize that excessively low temperatures handicap efficient railway operation almost as seriously as snow blockades; and the coldest weather on record in the East had hardly passed when the entire Middle West was buried in what Chicago has described as the most paralyzing snowfall in more than thirty years.

The Director-General was asked by the Senate Committee what situation he expected to exist at the ending of the war. He replied (and in this he presumably spoke for the President also) that he did not believe in Government ownership; that the present assumption of Government control was an emergency measure and not a permanent step. But,

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on the other hand, an entirely new situation would, in his judgment, have arisen when peace returns, which would make it "impossible to turn the roads back to their owners under exactly the same system by which they were operated when the Government took them over." New and comprehensive laws would have to be enacted, giving "some form of Government control."

We suppose Mr. McAdoo to have meant by this that the joint operation of all the railways under governmental control—the allotment of traffic, the interchange of equipment, the virtual "pooling" of both facilities and earnings—would give evidence of certain permanent possibilities of improved efficiency under such operating methods, which neither public nor railways would wish wholly to abandon. The present experiment, however, has been made possible only through the virtual superseding of restrictive laws by the President's war powers; therefore, new legislation might be necessary. But, on the other hand, the granting of such powers to private management would necessitate careful measures for protection of the public; hence the need of "comprehensive legislation," with "some form of governmental control."

These suggestions will no doubt be variously interpreted by various people. They will not appeal to those impulsive persons who rushed into print, at the time of the Interstate Commission's recommendations and the President's proclamation, to insist that these official declarations embodied repudiation of the whole system of regulatory laws by the officers who had been enforcing them. A good deal was heard at that time of "sweeping the slate clear" of Anti-Trust and Anti-Combine laws. From the nature of much of this discussion, the reading public might have imagined that all these restrictive and regulatory statutes were the work of ignorant and meddlesome fanatics, and that they ought forthwith to be repealed, with a free hand left to the private railway management.

But no conception of the case could be more erroneous. Mistakes have undoubtedly been made in administering the statutes. In the matter of rates especially, the policy has often been one of rigidity when elasticity was the reasonable interpretation of the law itself. One may go farther still, and affirm that statutes which were adapted to the conditions of 1887, when the Interstate Commerce law was passed, or of 1890, when the Anti-Trust law was enacted, or even of 1906, when the Railway act was drastically amended, were not suited as they stood to meet the conditions of a later time.

Yet the contention, altogether too commonly heard, that these laws were purely mischievous, that they had done no good and perpetual harm to the public interest, can be described only as reflecting total ignorance or wilful misrepresentation of our industrial history. The law of 1887 put an end to grossly discriminatory rates and incidentally to the ruinous "rate wars" between the railways themselves. The law of 1890 gave the Government power to resist monopolistic control of industrial facilities and prices. The law of 1906 followed immediately upon an attempt to get the administration of our whole inland transportation system into the hands of a few ambitious dictators.

Each of these laws was passed in the interest and for the protection of the shipping and consuming public. Undoubtedly, the pendulum swung afterwards pretty far in the other direction. The growing complexities of the country's industrial needs indicated that some larger exercise of joint operation of the lines would soon be inevitable. The war, with the wholly unprecedented strain imposed by it on railway facilities, brought matters to an issue. A good part of the present peculiar necessities will cease with the war itself, but not all of them. When, therefore, the railways are turned back to their owners with larger powers for "unified operation," the occasion will have arisen for judicious amendment of the statutes. But in the nature of things, some measure of Government supervision and control would be as unavoidable then as it would have been if Mr. Harriman's declaration of 1907, that he would go on as long as he lived buying up one set of railways on the credit of others, had been fully realized. All this, however, will be only a part of the great industrial readjustment after war.

Literary Knights

IN the list of "New Year Honors" the name of John Galsworthy appeared among the new knights. There were more than fifty of them, all told, and they certainly made up a "very miscellaneous assembly," to use the phrase which was said, in the story, to have escaped a fastidious Unitarian clergyman on his first sight of the people in Heaven. There were, to be sure, a number of deserving gentlemen—writers, editors, scientists, professors, surgeons—but the general tone was given by men whose qualifications are succinctly and officially set forth as: "inspector of coal mines"; "clerk to the London County Council"; "Mayor of Bootle"; "a prominent citizen of Southampton"; "has carried out many war contracts"; "has contested seats in the Unionist interest"; "deputy clerk of the Free and United Church of Scotland," and so on. Now, Mr. Galsworthy has declined to take his place in this goodly company of knights. He did not base his refusal, as he might have done, upon the fact that he was offered a cheapened honor. He contented himself with declaring that he did not believe in knighthood for men of letters.

His putting away of the right to be known as Sir John is a break with recent English tradition. Knighthoods have during the last ten years or so simply been showered upon literary men. It has been, frankly, a way of conferring eminence rather than of recognizing it. Many of the new knights of literature—like the new saints in the Calendar—make one a trifle dubious about the old. Such a man as, for example, Sir Gilbert Parker casts back a quizzical sort of light upon Lord Tennyson. Shortly after Tennyson had been made a peer, Browning was talking about the matter at Oxford. He is reported to have said, while expressing warm admiration for Tennyson: "Some poets think a peerage the right reward, but *I* think a fellowship at Balliol." Browning had just been elected an honorary Fellow.

The obvious truth is, as any one will be convinced who runs over in his mind the names of remembered English men of letters, that the New Year's or birthday honors have had a way of lighting upon the second-rate or the mediocre. Shelley would surely never have been knighted, even if he had not been cut off early—Swinburne lived long and never became Sir Algernon—but what could knighthood have meant to him? What to Dickens or Thackeray or Carlyle or John Stuart Mill? Since the beginning of this century we have had a perfect mob of literary knights, but somehow the most distinguished and best-known writers succeed, like their forebears, in evading the honor. It might be a nice

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question whether John Galsworthy displays humility or vanity in refusing knighthood. Paraphrasing Crabbe, he may be imagined as saying that he might have been a knight, but that his pride in being none was better satisfied.

Not that we are to suppose every chance knight of letters to be unduly swollen with self-esteem. The reasons for accepting the honor of knighthood are various. Gilbert took his late, and was understood to feel that it was a legitimate way of equalizing his standard with that of his associate, Sir Arthur Sullivan. Some cynical writers make no bones about regarding the privilege of placing "Sir" before their names as at once a commercial and a social asset. "Diarist" records in the *Westminster Gazette* that a literary friend of his who almost wished to apologize for having accepted a knighthood, explained: "You see, it is *so* useful on board a steamer." This did not mean that a knight could never be thought of as seasick.

We can but hope that Mr. Galsworthy's refusal of the proffered and rather empty honor will have a good effect. It should help to clarify ideas. It may set a new fashion. Much is said of the value of such "recognition" of literary merit by the State. But it is never a case of discovering and aiding struggling merit. It is only putting the seal of official approval upon what the public has already more or less clearly approved. Literary pensions stand in a different class. Carlyle declined one, along with the offer of the grand cross of the Bath made to him by Disraeli, but he helped to get pensions for literary men in need, and saw nothing undignified in accepting them. But in the matter of a mere flourish before a writer's name, John Galsworthy has, it seems to us, a sound feeling. Literature must present its own credentials. And a mere mob of gentlemen writing with ease remain exactly what they were before accepting the undiscriminating award of knighthood.

America's Wealth in Manuscripts

IT is now thirty years since Secretary of State Bayard called Mr. Cleveland's attention to the neglect of our historical materials in Washington; and twenty years since the Division of Manuscripts in the Congressional Library was organized. The report of the Librarian of Congress shows how rapidly the work of accumulating and making available historical manuscripts has proceeded. The acquisitions of the last three years furnish examples. In 1915 they included thirty-two volumes of the McClellan papers; the whole remnant of the Welles papers; and the papers of George Mason, indispensable to the study of Virginia and early Federal history. The next year were added important Lincoln papers; many of the papers of Alexander Hamilton, rounding out a great collection; the papers of Gen. Thomas Sumter, an unexpected discovery throwing light on Southern affairs during and after the Revolution; the papers of W. L. Marcy; some Bancroft Davis papers; the papers of S. F. B. Morse, and all the Beauregard papers of marked historical interest. The new report rejoices in the acquisition of the papers of Charles Thomson, secretary of the Continental Congress; many Robert Morris papers; the Andrew Jackson Donelson papers; papers of Gen. S. W. Crawford covering the opening of the Civil War; and, as always, many minor collections.

From being a laggard in collecting historical materials, the Library of Congress has brought the United States into the front rank among nations. Definite policies in acquisition have been fully developed. From the early years of the republic an intermittent forethought was shown in collecting documentary materials for first one and then another Government department. Purchases of the Jefferson papers were made in 1815, and again in 1829; of the Dolly Madison papers in 1848; of the Loyalist papers in 1866; of the huge Peter Force collection in 1867, and of the Rochambeau papers and a large body of Washington papers in 1882. The Division of Manuscripts, besides collecting, classifying, and cataloguing the manuscripts of historical interest thus acquired, has systematized and speeded the whole work of making additions. It purchases to the extent of the appropriations obtainable. Its policy is to avoid competing with State and local institutions for matter of merely local interest, and it has gladly transferred some of its holdings to the States when the latter had the clearer title. Thus in 1903 the Library obtained a MS. record of the Revolutionary conventions in the territory later Vermont, kept by the clerk, and Vermont, through Senator Proctor, laid claim to it. The Library acquiesced, admitting that the documents were a very foundation-stone of Vermont history, and taking the attitude that it is well to encourage a general distribution of manuscript materials to the places most useful. The Library itself would benefit if the ubiquitous autograph collector displayed more conscience in this matter. It has to meet competition with him at every auction, and is lucky if, as at the recent sales of Robert Morris and Beauregard materials, the manuscripts most valuable historically are of the least value to such hunters. Happily, papers of such a man as Andrew Jackson Donelson are of little note to private collectors, for he seems obscure; but they may be of very great worth to the historian—Donelson was secretary to President Jackson, *chargé d'affaires* in the Texan Republic when it was annexed, Minister to Berlin in 1848, and later editor of the Washington *Union* and Vice-Presidential candidate. The Library also profits constantly from the generosity of donors. Such fine collections as those of the Jackson, Van Buren, Breckinridge, Welles, and newest Hamilton papers were given outright, and many more have been "deposited" and will be ultimately deeded.

The fast-growing bulk of the manuscript collections presents a hard problem to those charged with making them accessible to research. No one writing on any topic in American history of more than local interest can now omit consultation of these rich stores. Yet none of the manuscripts can be lent. No considerable part of them can ever be put into print, for they are too vast. Ford's fourteen-volume edition of Washington's writings, for example, contains 1,100 documents, but the Library conservatively estimates the whole number of Washington's manuscripts at 12,000, and the number of those addressed to him at 50,000. Of the papers of Andrew Johnson kept in the Library there are more than 30,000 folios, those of Polk are even greater in extent, and those of Andrew Jackson hardly less. The various editions of statesmen's papers—Adams's of Gallatin, Lodge's of Hamilton, Bigelow's of Franklin, Ford's of Jefferson, and Gaillard Hunt's of Madison—were all incomplete. None of the chief collections of the Library is yet stationary. And none of these editions attempted real use of the mass of correspondence sent to these statesmen. The presses of the Government, and of private publishers cooperating, cannot try to do more than make a selection of the most important matter.

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A Cycle of American Diplomats in Japan

(Harris and Morris in Japan in 1857 and 1917)

By ERNEST WILSON CLEMENT

IT is not such a far cry from Townsend Harris to Roland Morris. Chronologically, it is just sixty years, or "a cycle of Cathay," from the first American Consul-General to Japan to the present American Ambassador to Japan.

Townsend Harris, who had been appointed Consul-General by President Pierce in 1855, arrived at Shimoda August 21, 1856; and there, on September 4, he hoisted over the Consulate the "Stars and Stripes"—the "first consular flag" ever seen in Japan. It was in the following year (November 23, 1857), that Harris started on what may not improperly be called his "triumphal journey to Yedo" as an official representative of a foreign country. His line of march led him over Mount Amagi, by Yugashima, Mishima, over the Hakone Pass, by Odawara, Oiso, Fujisawa, Kanagawa, Kawasaki, to Shinagawa, the entrance of Yedo. On November 26, when he arrived at the official barrier of Hakone, he was informed that, according to custom or law, the door of his *norimono* (palanquin) should be opened and formally examined by an official; that "it was a mere ceremony, but the ancient laws required it." Harris protested that he, as the diplomatic representative of the United States, should be free from any such search. He also refused to ride through on horseback and permit the search of the empty *norimono;* and, after a delay of two hours, he passed through unmolested.

It was on November 30 that Harris, having carried the United States flag all that way, first set foot in Yedo and made in his diary the following significant entry:

> I am the first diplomatic representative that has ever been received in this city, and whether I succeed or fail in my intended negotiations, it is a *great fact* that will always remain, showing that at last I have forced this singular people to acknowledge the *rights of embassy*. I feel no little pride, too, in carrying the American flag through that part of Japan between the extremity of Cape Idzu and into the very castle of the city of Yedo.*

It was only a few days later (December 6, 1857), on "the second Sunday in Advent," that Harris, assisted by his secretary, Hensken, "read the full service in an audible voice." And in his diary he entered for that day the following statement: "This was beyond doubt the first time that the English version of the Bible was ever read, or the American Episcopal service ever repeated, in this city." And he emphasized the fact that he could do so, in spite of the law "inflicting death on any one who should use the rites of the Christian religion in Japan," by the protection of "the American name alone." And he added these words, which were later verified and accomplished:

> By the blessing of God, if I succeed in establishing negotiations at this time with the Japanese, I mean to boldly demand for Americans the free exercise of their religion in Japan, with the right to build churches, and I will also demand the abolition of the custom of trampling on the cross or crucifix. . . . I shall be both proud and happy if I can be the humble means of once more opening Japan to the blessed rule of Christianity.

On December 7, 1857, Harris had his audience with the Shogun, the first instance in the history of Japan when the official representative of a foreign nation was so received. And when Harris presented his letter of credence to the Shogun, the latter replied to the following effect: "Pleased with the letter sent with the Ambassador from a far distant country, and likewise pleased with his discourse. Intercourse shall be continued forever." It only remains to add, in this connection, that it was not until July 29, 1858, that the treaty which Harris finally succeeded in negotiating with the Shogun's officials was signed—the first treaty of commerce which any foreign nation had been able to negotiate with Japan since she had been closed to all the world except the Chinese and the Dutch. And I should also add that it was on January 7, 1859, that President Buchanan appointed Harris the first "Minister Resident of the United States to Japan." From Harris to Morris is a period of sixty years, but a period full of momentous events.

. . . . . .

Having thus noted the activities of Townsend Harris in 1857, we should now turn our attention to those of Roland Morris in 1917. He arrived at Yokohama on October 25, was received in audience by the Emperor on October 28, in order that he might be invited to the luncheon at the palace on October 31, the Emperor's birthday celebration. On November 22 he left Tokio by train and automobile for Shimoda, where he spent the night at an ordinary Japanese hotel. The next day he also left Shimoda, as Harris had done just sixty years before, and followed almost the same route taken by Harris, but was able to accomplish the journey by automobile in a few hours each on two days, whereas it took Harris one week by the slow process of riding in a *norimono,* carried on the shoulders of coolies, who walked every step of the way. On November 26 Morris was the guest of the American Association (almost two hundred present) at a dinner in the Imperial Hotel, Tokio; and he was the guest of the America-Japan Society, consisting of both Japanese and Americans, in the Bankers' Club, Tokio, on November 30, the sixtieth anniversary of the arrival of Harris in Yedo. Indeed, he is still the recipient of many such courtesies, all bestowed in the most cordial manner, in strong contrast to the cold and suspicious formality with which Harris was received.

On the anniversary night of November 30 the American Ambassador, in the course of an eloquent address, spoke the following words, which have made a great impression upon the Japanese: "International democracy does not mean the imposition of democratic institutions on all nations. For America to endeavor to impose her institutions which are the expression of her own national spirit on other nations would be as culpable as for the Central Powers to endeavor to Germanize the world. We are not fighting for democracy in nations, but for democracy among nations. We are demanding for every nation, great and small, the right of national self-development." He also said: "I am proud that in enforcing this demand America and Japan are united. I am bold to express the belief that there are no two nations who should give to this vital cause more generously

*This and other quotations are from "Townsend Harris," by Dr. W. E. Griffis. The italics are Harris's.

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of their resources and their manhood than Japan and America."

. . . . . .

Now, all these interesting events do not form merely a necklace of beautiful coincidences; they make a strong but beautiful chain linking Japan and America historically and diplomatically. The new American Ambassador, Morris, is truly in the line of apostolic succession, a line that includes such men as Harris, Bingham, and Hubbard in earlier days, and Buck, Griscom, and O'Brien in later days. He is a real "general missionary" from America to Japan. And it is interesting to note that the Japanese word for "ambassador" is *taishi*, which means literally "great messenger," just as *koshi*, the word for "minister," means "public messenger." Now "messenger" has come into English, through French, from the same Latin root from which "missionary" is also derived. And we believe that the new Ambassador, Roland Morris, has come to the Japanese Empire "for such a time as this." For we hope, and believe, that the coming era on the Pacific will not belie the name of the ocean, and will be an epoch, not of competition, but of coöperation, between Japan and America.

Tokio, Japan, December 10, 1917

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Cannibals and Lotos-Eaters

By STUART P. SHERMAN

THERE is a kernel of good in all things evil, would men observingly dissect it out, even in the German statesmen and their delegates in our own household. I am thinking now of the Teutonic humor which through all the fiery heat of war still buds and blossoms in the honest German breast. How often in these mournful days has the gloom been lifted by some bright burst of trans-Rhenish waggery, breaking out, like a jest at a funeral, in the most unexpected quarters! Take, for example, the inimitable bit of drollery recently executed by his Excellency the Imperial Foreign Secretary. "My countrymen," he said, or words to that effect, "consider the bitter war-spirit of the Allies, their ruthless militarism, the despotisms of France and England; and then unite with me, true-born sons of freedom, in cherishing and loving our free institutions, our wholesome spirit of democracy." Some of our American statesmen have a pretty wit, but they are incapable of rising to anything so—so *Kolossal*. Now that the ball of this big-hearted German banter has started rolling, who can tell what royal humorist will next set his laughter-loving shoulder against it to give it another spin? Presently, perhaps, Amsterdam will be forwarding to us a telegram from the power behind the throne of "Gott," dispatched to the merry wag of Verdun, the Crown Prince of crossbones, running as follows: "Remember, my son, we fight to make the world safe for democracy. *Gott* helping us, we can no other."

This German joviality, this untranslatable *Gemütlichkeit*, becomes on American soil possibly a shade less robust, but not a shade less amusing. I like to watch its play among the "hundred thousand loyal German reservists," who have gone about so demurely fostering and flattering the American love of peace. Like well-constructed chimneys, they long consumed the smoke of their own mirth. And what a lark they had playing at fox and geese with us. The sly rogues!—but for the war who could have guessed the depth of mischief in them? Thirsty as we were for peace, we discovered only at the last moment that the Germans, according to a pretty jesting habit of theirs, had spit in the beer. But most of all I am taken with the genial German belle-lettrist who comes over into Macedonia to help us solidify the race consciousness of the Irish and at the same time to help us assimilate the curious spiritual culture of his dear Prussian homeland. At heart he feels the earnest gravity of his mission; but he knows that to an American a joke is a kind of grace before meat; and so he humors us with his half-inscrutable German joke.

He rises in my eye as I write—the meek-visaged, blue-eyed apostle of *Kultur*. In the left hip-pocket of his sheepskin breeches is a copy of Machiavelli's "Prince"; in the right, a copy of Treitschke's "Politics"; in the left pocket of his sheepskin coat is a copy of "Germany and the Next War"; in the right, a copy of "The Will to Power"; over his heart he carries "Thus Spake Zarathustra." (I look through his pockets with the "transcendental" insight which I have acquired from Immanuel Kant. But that is like peeping at Santa Claus, and spoils the surprise. Accordingly, I remain mum and appear guileless.) The Apostle approaches with extended hand, bearing a gift. It is a four-volume treatise on Æsthetics. "Here," says the Apostle in his ingratiating guttural, "here is Germany's message to America. Dear pious, asinine Americans, I am instructed to say, you have always wished for a great national literature. You have none—*das versteht sich von selbst*. Shall I tell you why? It is that your writers are all infatuated with religion, morals, politics, philosophy, science. Forget them—as we do in Germany; in the highest *Kultur* these matters become of insignificant moment. Let your men of letters shun public questions and controversial topics as they would the devil. Become simple, sensuous, *naïf;* devote yourselves to Beauty, as we do in Germany. This is the spirit which has made contemporary German literature what it is. *Auf wiedersehen!*" Exit the æsthetic evangelist with his hands in his pockets. Now that his back is turned, I can—with my transcendental eye—see him grinning. The grin resembles that of the German reservist with the button of an American peace society in the lapel of his sheepskin coat. It is the broad, comprehensive grin of an anthropophagus preparing for a full meal.

The convulsive laughter of his departure shakes from the Apostle's coat a fat notebook, labelled "Report on the Condition of American Literature at the Present Time." Like that high-minded German count who has been lying for his country in Argentina, the Apostle has been rendered by his contempt for the non-Teutonic intelligence a little careless about secret documents. This notebook which has fallen into my hands is, it appears, the diary and scrap-book of a student of American psychology prepared for the amusement and information of friends or officials in Berlin. I have deciphered and to some extent digested it. An en-

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tertaining miscellany of extracts, press-clippings, etc., held together by a running commentary and random annotations, sometimes simple and blunt, sometimes of a ruminating and sardonic humor. I will attempt to present some notion of its main drift, which, as the reader will perceive, is rather at variance with its author's public diagnosis of our literary deficiencies.

The Kultur-Apostle, being a bit of a scholar, knows that America has a "national" literature considerably older than that of the present German Empire. He is quite aware that its classics were produced not by æsthetes, but by men filled with public spirit, inspired by the expansive ideas of their times, and definitely related to the great common interests of their countrymen. He acknowledges that if he had attempted to bring in the gospel of Prussian statescraft in the generation following the American Revolution, he would have been met at the coast by intellectually armed republicans—Franklin, Jefferson, Paine, Adams, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Washington—ready to give his Machiavellian Treitschke blow for blow and thrust for thrust. He knows that if he had attempted in the Transcendental period to make a landing with his Prussian philosophy and morality he would have been met at the coast by intellectually armed idealists—Channing, Parker, Emerson—ready to sink the craft of his mad naturalist Nietzsche deeper than ever plummet sounded. He knows that if he had attempted in the neighborhood of the Civil War to bring in the new Prussian gospel of white slavery he would have been met at the coast by the swords and songs of men wearing the shining armor of freedom, equality, and fraternity—Garrison, Whittier, Phillips, Lowell, Whitman, Lincoln. The Kultur-Apostle knows that if he had tried to land his propaganda in America at any time between the Declaration of Independence and the Proclamation of Emancipation he would have been eaten alive, hair and hide, horns and hoofs!

Speak of the d——, I mean of the Kultur-Apostle, and, like Faust's friend, he is at your elbow. *Es klopft? Herein! Wer will mich wieder plagen?* Once more he rises in my eye. The Kultur-Apostle, looking out so demurely under his sheepskin hood, has observed times and seasons. He has observed, as he notes in his private Report, that

> Since the Civil War there has been a for-us-auspicious withdrawal of public spirit from American letters; or should I say, a withdrawal of American authors from public affairs? It is all one. As soon as these good Americans were secure with regard to their lives and their esteemed liberty, they began to attend with great assiduity to the third "right of man" guaranteed by the loose-jointed god of democratic peoples—the pursuit of happiness. Under their lax government, which in time of peace exacts nothing of the citizen, the private spirit grows and expands in quest of private pleasure. While moss and the gray lichens accumulate upon the unassailed ideals and principles of the elder Americans, this young generation cultivates the arts and graces, and explores at leisure all possibilities of mental and physical self-satisfaction. To the principles for which their fathers "fought and bled" they give no more thought than to their bread and butter—taking it for granted that no one will deprive them of either.

So far, the Apostle's comment is sufficiently intelligible and straightforward.

But on the following page I seem to hear the sound of Teutonic laughter half-smothered in a capacious sleeve:

> The curse of American *belles-lettres* is their preoccupation with "general ideas" and public affairs. Every American novel is a pamphlet in behalf of some political or ethical programme or in support of some philosophical cult. Consider, meine Herren, the hot eagerness with which political and religious and social questions are debated in the fiction of Henry James, Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Gerould. Contemplate the interpretation of national sentiment and the passionate ardor of great ideas in the new poetry, notably in the sturdy work of the Imagists, which draws its strength from the deepest American traditions.

Here follows a hasty pencil sketch of Miss Lowell sacrificing Beauty on the altar of Democratic Enthusiasm. At the top of the next page the Apostle writes: "Note the inveterate ethical bias everywhere discernible in American letters"; after which he transcribes H. D.'s celebrated poem entitled "The Pool," as follows:

> Are you alive?
> I touch you.
> You quiver like a sea-fish.
> I cover you with my net.
> What are you—banded one?

He comments thus:

> Consider the intelligence that goes into the making of a poem like that. The young American writer must be in touch with every aspect of national life; for, above all, it is demanded of him that his work shall be broadly *representative*. It must express the American mind. Every American poet is under a kind of social compulsion to present in everything that he produces the whole democratic *Weltanschauung*. It is a tradition with these people that the poets are a priestly caste charged with the task of giving form to their national faith and aspiration. It is the constant intrusion of these ulterior political purposes which makes recent American poetry so disgusting to us æsthetic Germans.

Here follows an effusion of fervid nationalism by John Gould Fletcher, of Arkansas:

> The iridescent vibrations of midsummer light
> Dancing, dancing, suddenly flickering and quivering
> Like little feet or the movement of quick hands clapping,
> Or the rustle of furbelows or the clash of polished gems.
> The palpitant mosaic of the midday light
> Colliding, sliding, leaping, and lingering:
> O, I could lie on my back all day,
> And mark the mad ballet of the midsummer sky.

From the poets the Kultur-Apostle turns to our familiar essayists for signs of the American psychology. Nothing escapes him. Under the heading, "American Essays in War-Time," he lists Mr. Sedgwick's "Apology for Old Maids," Mr. Brooks's "There's Pippins and Cheese to Come," Miss Sherwood's "Familiar Ways," and Elisabeth Woodbridge's "Days Out." He writes:

> The titles alone will suggest to you the harsh aggressiveness of the Yankee littérateur. This delightful form of literature is ruined in America by the despotic moral traditions of the Puritans. Here is one essayist prescribing the kind of husband one should marry; a second regulates the furniture of your sitting-room; a third tells you where to dine; and a fourth, what book to read with your breakfast. Everywhere the meticulous New England meddling with the minutest details of one's private life. From his Mayflower ancestors, moreover, the American essayist has inherited an unslumbering anxiety about the welfare of his soul and a morbid distrust of his sensational life. Every American is an ascetic and a reformer. Note the Calvinistic ferocity with which Mr. Strunsky and Miss Repplier and Mr. Crothers seek to impose their personal codes of morality upon the American people. In this land where Equality is a fetich it is not permitted that one man should tie his cravat in a fashion differing from that of another; and you will see that Elisabeth Woodbridge, taking advantage of the present wave of Anglophilism, is urging Miss Repplier and Mr. Strunsky to conform with the Episcopalian Church. In our free Germany such things are not possible. We Germans, cherishing our universally coveted inner freedom, will resist the ubiquitous Amer-

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ican tendency to run all natures into one mould and to tyrannize over the private conscience.

At the end of this paragraph the Apostle writes parenthetically, "*Mem.* See if you can get this inserted in the *Smart Set.* If not, ask G. S. V. to give you a *hint.*"

At the head of the last page in his notebook the Apostle has inscribed without comment three lines from Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters":

> And round about the keel with faces pale,
> Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
> The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

What the quotation is driving at is rather obscured than illuminated by the addition of a passage from Nietzsche: "This do I call *immaculate perception* of all things: to want nothing else from them but to be allowed to lie before them as a mirror with a hundred facets." And as if this were not blind enough, the Apostle continues in his curious subrident vein:

Such is the attitude of us æsthetic Germans. As a nation we are content to perceive and not to possess the world. We find our felicity in lying on our backs all day "to mark the mad ballet of the midsummer sky." But the Americans, on the contrary, especially of the younger generation, as one may glean from their *belles-lettres,* are an upstanding, vigorous lot of intellectuals, actively at loggerheads with everything un-American. Their novelists, their poets, and their essayists, as these foregoing exhibits prove, are aggressive, militant nationalists bent upon making their democratic creed triumphant. I wrote to my correspondents in Berlin, it is some time already (I think in the Administration of Mr. Secretary Bryan), that our easy-going pacifistic Germany was exposed to a grave peril from the impressive solidarity of the warrior-spirit in America. I must now forward a report that even were our German *Kultur* not purely æsthetic, even had it developed political, moral, and social aims—even so, an attempt to introduce it in the United States would be quite hopeless at this time. America has been for the last decade in the full flush of a cultured renascence, which has reinvigorated all her ancient national traditions. If their writers did for an instant cease to arouse their Puritanism and their democracy, there were some opening for the higher culture of an enterprising foreign Power, if any such there be. But Donnerwetter!—what headway could such a culture make among a people whose patriotism and public spirit are quickened by every utterance of their *belles-lettrists* and kindled to a flame by the fiery lyrics of the Imagists! As they say in America, I ask *you.* Still I have given our peace-leaders some copies of our German æsthetic Handbuch for distribution, and am not without hope of good results among the American-born children of our art-loving Vaterland. The sacred solicitude for the preservation of the art-treasures of Europe exhibited by our armies is making its due impression here.

Correspondence

Alsace-Lorraine

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* of January 17 had an article entitled "The President's World Leadership," which contains much commendation of the message with the qualifying phrase that the principles enunciated therein are "in the main" those for which the *Nation* has contended through thick and thin. The discussion, however, makes it evident that the question of the disposal of Alsace-Lorraine is one for which the writer of the article has a solution which does not seem to coincide with that indicated in the message. Alsace-Lorraine is for him a question "of special danger and doubt for the United States," although he fails to indicate precisely why it should be so. He looks with favor, therefore, upon a solution proposed by the British Labor Party in the case of certain vexing problems, namely, a sort of international commission which, in the course of time, after the war, would bring about an amicable settlement of certain territorial and national disagreements. This he thinks might be applied to Alsace-Lorraine.

May I ask whether the German claim to hold Alsace-Lorraine as territory to which they have the right of possession and enjoyment is based on any other principles than those which might be applied with equal cogency to the question of the proposed German retention of Belgium, namely, conquest by force, expropriation and deportation veiled or open of the original citizens to a greater or less degree, old historic associations, linguistic, if not racial, relations, economic interests, and political prestige? If we cannot justify or are unwilling to countenance the subjugation of Belgium by Germany and Belgium's future dependence on that Power, if not her eventual absorption by it, can we refuse to insist that Germany disgorge Alsace-Lorraine?

W. A. MCLAUGHLIN

Ann Arbor, Mich., January 19

"The Nation" with All Its Faults

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For a number of years I have been a constant reader of the *Nation,* always with respect, almost always with approval. I have, it is true, been irritated by its incorrigible optimism; I have been exasperated by its tendency, at times, to let the ironical teasing of an opponent take the place of a much-needed elucidation of his principles and the refutation of them; I have myself been teased by its superior tone, its superior intelligence, its superior endowment of sweetness and light. Its pious preachments to the South and to the Pacific Coast have the clear vision that comes of a safe remoteness; its rough handling of the Colonel has all the passion of proximity; its unruffled front in war times will convince the future historian that the Americans were a remarkable people. Yet when I cast about for another weekly fit to take its place, I am forced to admit that, after all is said, I cannot find its equal for profundity and grasp. It is not my creed to read only what is agreeable to me, and to this faith I shall hold unless one last and crowning offence drives me from it. I refer to the *Nation's* use of that indefensible and detestable bit of archaic affectation—the word *anent.*

R. D. MILLER

Fallston, Md., January 19

The War in Our Town

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The regrettable, ungilded fact of the matter is that the people of our town—an above-the-average community of the Middle West—are not yet awake to the demands of the war. The local press would have us believe otherwise. But those of us who see and hear as we run know the truth. Business here, for the intents and purposes of this discussion, is as usual; and pleasure is as usual.

It is true that we have sent our quotas to the National Army without undue scandal; that we have raised our share of the Liberty Loans and the Y. M. C. A. and Red

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Cross funds; that we knit socks and sweaters, some of which resemble sausages and grain sacks; that we make merry over the rolling of bandages and the making of hospital smocks; and that we contribute more than our share to the gaseous palaver that is now arising like a roar from off the continent. In other words, we go gayly up to the point of personal sacrifice, but once there, nearly all of us, from the day laborer to the college professor, balk stubbornly. We are dead set on living just as we have always lived, even though we do have to pay more for what we eat and wear and burn.

Banquets at a dollar and two dollars a plate are of frequent occurrence—some of them have been given by Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross committees; hundred-dollar dances are given at intervals by the fraternities; a "benefit" that cost those who attended two hundred dollars reaped the lavish reward of ten dollars and fifty cents; we eat between meals at teas and receptions with affable insouciance; we hoard sugar and stuff wheat bread and pork into our mouths regardless of Hoover or of any one else; and we grab at the pretext of the "general mental strain" to spend more money than ever before on theatres, "movies," and all the other less mentionable forms of relaxation.

Most of us do, I say. For there is about one family in every three blocks that is bending its whole daily energy and income to the winning of the war. They are the leaven that will leaven the whole lump, in time—if, indeed, *there be yet time enough.*

We are not going to progress very far, as a community, towards the saving of wheat or of anything else until we as individuals begin to put into daily practice some of the principles of conservation and the rest, in praise of which we are unanimously loud of tongue. We must realize, and that soon, that our Government cannot win the war; that our armies even cannot win it. It is what we send to our armies that will win; and we shall not be able, as a nation, to send enough unless every man, woman, and child feels a personal responsibility in that sending.

If only we could be brought to realize that it will cost us fewer dollars and lives to step of our own free will across the line of personal sacrifice than to wait and undergo the ignominy of being pushed across by the Prussian. Besides, there is but one way by which we may come into the full knowledge and possession of that "disinterested enthusiasm for a cherished Ideal" that is France's eternal glory: sacrifice.

Again, it is a terrifying thought to remember that our nation has contracted to spend $19,000,000,000 this year, which sum is only $8,000,000,000 less than we have spent in the previous 126 years of our existence! There is but one way to make that payment so that the life of the nation will not be seriously injured: sacrifice, personal, individual sacrifice. And remember: a man with ten dollars a day to spend who contributes or lends ten cents a day to the Government for the purposes of the war is not sacrificing! Neither is he who has but one dollar a day to spend and lets his country use five cents a week!

Let the rolling rodomontade cease! Let the practice of individual sacrifice begin; let business be *not* as usual; let pleasure be *not* as usual; and let the lesson that this war will be won by the people be learned by the people.

Our town has not *begun* to learn the lesson. Has yours?

"OLIVER WALTON"

December 26, 1917

A French Soldier Poet

By STODDARD DEWEY

SHORTLY before this war began, I published here a few translations of poems by a French captain in Morocco, Alfred Droin. His book was crowned by the French Academy, as was also a previous volume, which besides won the François Coppée prize. The war has come, and the soldier poet has been called to take his part in it. He has written more poems in the sad, heroic hours, and these are now gathered into another volume—*Le Crêpe étoilé* ("Crape Star-spangled"). They have the same clear ease without preciousness; and their touching musical lilt is in the succession of images and feelings as well as in the language. I have tried to make my choice of the verses typical and to follow, in a very literal and translinear English version, the rhythm of words and thought as far as I am able.

1. *CARNAGE* (from "Blood and Fire").

Calm in the light, the village was smiling,
With lilacs wreathed, beside the slow river:
Each house for its wealth had its orchard,
Happiness dwelt in the lowliest home.
With the first rays of the earliest dawning,
Like wolves whom their fury goads ever onward,
With a single bound, rode forth the Uhlans—
And they wrought to the full their wonted work.
Unending smoke soils the blue sky of morning;
Hands tied, 'gainst the wall, they have ranged thirty captives
To fall 'neath the eyes of the women despairing.
—Sombre embers, black cinders the village is now
And the river, amid the distress of the evening,
Rolls only blood and sighing and souls.

II. *RECONNAISSANCE* (from "Proud Deeds and Glories").

Joyous they went, four cavalrymen,
With their orders—"Go! No matter the cost,
Reconnoitre that bridge which gives on the road
Beyond the thin row of poplars."
Over the hills, 'mid the autumn rust,
Newborn the day filtered drop by drop:
Cannon were roaring; by thousands the rout
Of maddened crows fled calling.
Joyous they went! Now the night is falling,
The dark comes in waves like a moving tomb
—And the bold horsemen shall never come back.
And yet now, while the light wanes and fails,
One of their horses, alone, joins his squadron,
Eye on fire, saddle empty, his coat full of blood.

III. *HE SLEEPS* (from "Under the Cypress").

He sleeps—speak not, weep not! He sleeps.
Brush the bees from the untouched fruit.
Leave but a shade of light, like silken crape,
Drop down the curtains—still the sun is strong.
So sweet his sleep—it seems like unto death.
Red glows the ribbon of Honor on his breast—
This morn 'twas given, giving too much joy—
He was pale yesterday, paler far to-day.
His friend the priest has quitted him but now.
Sister, what mystic light touches his brow?
What angel smiles and speaks to him so low?
Does his heart beat still? does it beat at all?
What unseen hand is staying now his breath?
He sleeps—sister, he sleeps—awake him not!

IV. *TO A MOTHER* (from "Under the Cypress").

Young he was and handsome, frank as morning light,
Clear his look, the rival of the day:
On his lips assurance dwelt, proudly bright,
And he laughed as a child by the way.

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His life was the incense, you were the flame,
With his heart your heart beat;
Your mother soul a-nursing made his soul the same,
One the branch and the flower in life's heat.

All your darkest sadness he would brush aside,
Quick the air grew fresh where his twenty years passed;
Round him hope and faith went where he hied,
Making springtime come at last.

Forehead high, he went singing into life,
As a reaper strong to the future's field,
While you looked wondering, dazed at all his strife,
—And prayed God to bless the yield.

Now all your hope is but a bit of ashes drear:
After waiting many days—they were still sweet, alas!—
You know that nevermore, to your listening ear,
His strong voice, his valiant voice shall pass.

The face of your adored one, in mists of memory,
Fades pale where the shade is deep and dark—
Where your eyes with sorrow burning nevermore shall see,
Where your ear does not dare to hark.

April has no clearness—hour upon hour
Never drives away the haunting grief—
Never to your dark home brings a lightsome flower
Or a breath or a whisper of relief.

Work no longer gladdens your idle hands
—Neither needle nor thimble, friends of old—
But from the darkness dreams swathe you in bands
And no work your fingers can hold.

Month after month passes melancholy, slow;
A wan smile comes now and then to you
When you look at his relics they saved from the foe
—The gun and the cap of sky-blue.

A wan smile, it is but a fleeting light
—And long is the weeping of your grief—
When you re-read his letter, the last he could write,
And you kiss its sacred leaf.

Yet leave your dark home for the haunts of men,
And I know not what honor shall uphold—
What wings shall bear you blithely up once again,
What shadows of bliss enfold!

For your grief is like the night, full of stars that shine;
There's a glory waits on your step:
With the crape of your veil mingle laurels divine—
And we see the dark splendor of the dead.

It is curious that all these thoughts of grief and love are still substantially like those heard in Pindar's far-away melody. In a war which splits human kind in twain almost as completely as when, among early humans, Cro-Magnons changed the development of the race by killing out the Neanderthaloids, it is something that the utterance of poets should be still the same. When the hosts of Xerxes were invading Greece, unorganized but free, Pindar reminded his Sicilian prince (Nemea, I, 46-49):

> —Suffer strenuously things that be
> And quit yourself like a man,
> Aiding stoutly friends,
> —For the hopes of much-troubled men are common.

And again (Isthmia, V, 14-17):

> Two things only foster what is best of life,
> Making most to hope in its blossom and bliss
> —Man's good doing and the good word he hears.

θνατὰ θνατοῖσι πρέπει—he added—"Mortality to mortals!" And elsewhere the immortal line:

> What is man's day of life? A shadow's dream!

So the French soldier poet, more diffusely as is the modern wont, "Among the Wounded":

> No longer I feel either pleasure or pain:
> My eyes close, the bee is silent now;
> The soft breath of zephyrs is stayed and no strain
> Of the air presses down on my brow.
> The fragrance of fruits has no virtue now
> And the whole world's a shadow vain.

Paris, December 25, 1917

BOOKS

Mark Twain on the Present War

Mark Twain's Letters. Arranged with comment by Albert Bigelow Paine. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros.

MARK TWAIN looked forward to a future life, of a sort. He did not expect to spend it in either of the localities which he affectionately designated as Mrs. Clemens's heaven and Mrs. Clemens's hell. What he anticipated was a resurrection in his own familiar world. The zest of life beyond the tomb was to consist in uttering frankly a quantity of thoughts and feelings which in his days of mortality he had bowdlerized or suppressed in deference to Mrs. Clemens, Mr. Howells, and the "proper" public. For his posthumous enfranchisement he preserved his "private Bible," "What Is Man?" and "The Mysterious Stranger," and autobiographical papers utilized by Mr. Paine in the big biography. By editing the letters his literary executor faithfully assists his hero to further enjoyment of the new freedom.

The letters were of course drawn upon for the biography, and the collection of them does not greatly alter our total impression of the man. The correspondence has naturally similar points of interest in its accounts of a long, adventurous, various life and in its comment upon all sorts of important personages and events. It corroborates our preconceptions of Mark Twain's sincerity, his moral solidity, his essential earnestness; and it perhaps adds something to our sense of his actual gentleness and his verbal violence. When the ordinary scribbler writes a letter, he screws it up a bit above the pitch of his talk, and when he writes an article he screws it up a bit above the pitch of his letter. Mark Twain seems frequently to have reversed the process, revising the intensity of his natural utterance down to the level of "literature." Accordingly, the letters bring us a step nearer to his impetuous, pungent, emphatic speech with its swiftly changing moods and humors, inveterately clothing the immediate facts of experience in the light and color of his personal atmosphere.

In one of his stories where he had written "hell" Mr. Howells constrained him to write "thunder." Mr. Paine restores to the pilot his license to an untrammelled use of language. The most sulphurous of the letters is one abusing Orion Clemens for not hiring at Mark's expense a nurse for his old mother. In the postscript he adds: "Don't imagine that I have lost my temper, because I swear. I swear all day, but I do not lose my temper. And don't imagine that I am on my way to the poorhouse, for I am not; or that I am uneasy, for I am not; or that I am uncomfortable or unhappy—for I never am." The psychology of Mark Twain's swearing is interesting. There appears to have been pretty

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constantly in him the possibility of immense wrath and fury. He confessed to Twichell in 1901 that he had once bought a revolver and travelled twelve hundred miles to kill a man. "He was away. He was gone a day. With nothing else to do, I *had* to stop and think—and did. Within an hour—within half of it—I was ashamed of myself—and felt unspeakably ridiculous. I do not know what to call it if I was not insane." Now Mark Twain seems to have given a loose rein to his swearing in order not to lose his temper. The discharge of violent words cleared his stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff that preyed upon his reason. Here is a striking illustration from a letter to Mr. Howells:

> And last of all came a letter from M——. How I *do* wish that man was in hell. Even the briefest line from that idiot puts me in a rage.
>
> But on the whole it has been a delightful day, and with M—— in hell it would have been perfect. But that will happen, and I can wait.

The sensitive reader will perceive between these two little paragraphs the mysterious transmutation of natural human wrath into serene artistic satisfaction. Fury perfectly expressed, either at the point of the revolver or at the point of the pen, disappears. When he had thoroughly possessed himself of the secret of æsthetic purgation, Mark Twain formed the admirable habit of writing two letters to disagreeable or obnoxious people. Into the first he blew the full blast of his hate and contempt, but this letter he filed away till time made it poetry, like Dante's "Inferno." The second letter was likely to be innocuous, and was dispatched. Which letter best represents "the real Mark Twain"? Obviously, we should say, the first represents his temperament and the second his character. To understand what a task his social reason had in disciplining his nature we need them both; one piece of evidence is precisely as good as the other. It is absurd to say that his first thought was "truer" than his second thought, or that what he felt was more "real" than what he acted.

There is a clue here to the right critical valuation of such posthumous works as "What Is Man?" and "The Mysterious Stranger." When these somewhat bitter, "materialistic," "pessimistic" books appeared, "Ah, ha!" exclaimed certain critics, "here we have the lid removed at last. Here we have the real Mark Twain. His life and the works published in his lifetime were an elaborate customary piece of American literary hypocrisy." Such critics can easily fortify their conviction of Mark Twain's misanthropy by the humorless selection from the letters of passages like this: "I have been reading the morning paper. I do it every morning—well knowing that I shall find in it the usual depravities and basenesses and hypocrisies and cruelties that make up civilization, and cause me to put in the rest of the day *pleading for the damnation of the human race.* I cannot seem to get my prayers answered, yet I do not despair."

What this rhetorical ferocity reveals to a reader unafflicted with the Teutonic mania for literal interpretation is a sensitive and passionate moral idealist working off his exacerbation and impatience by swearing all day in private at a sinner for whose amendment he has worked all day in public. Thackeray described humor as a mixture of wit and love. For Mark Twain, satire is a mixture of curses and embraces bestowed on that adorable devil, man, whose works fill him with inextinguishable hope and intermittent despair. "Yes, you are right," he declares to a correspondent in France, "I am a moralist in disguise; it gets me into heaps of trouble when I go thrashing around in political questions."

Politically, he develops in the direction of radical individualism. "It is not *parties,*" he writes in 1884, "that make or save countries or that build them to greatness—it is clean men, clean ordinary citizens, rank and file, the masses. . . . I think a man's first duty is to his own honor; not to his country and not to his party." In 1887 he writes: "When I finished Carlyle's French Revolution in 1871, I was a Girondin; every time I have read it since, I have read it differently . . . now I lay the book down once more, and recognize that I am a Sansculotte!—And not a pale, characterless Sansculotte, but a Marat. Carlyle teaches no such gospel: so the change is in *me*—in my vision of the evidences." In 1890 he writes, *but does not send,* to the editor of *Free Russia* a letter in defence of sheer anarchism as the only available remedy in that case: "Of course I know that the properest way to demolish the Russian throne would be by a revolution. But it is not possible to get up a revolution there; so the only thing left to do, apparently, is to keep the throne vacant by dynamite until a day when candidates shall decline with thanks. Then organize a Republic."

To many readers Mark Twain's enthusiasm for the French Revolution, which he called the "noblest and holiest thing" next to the Fourth of July, seemed, till about 1914, antiquated and unnecessary. Read in the light of the War of the German Invasions, his glorification of that event, his unflagging assaults against surviving monarchical powers in Europe, his reprobation of imperialism wherever it showed its head, the ardor and unaccountable passion of his democratic loyalties—all this part of his effort appears now strangely prescient, prophetic, and precious. Humorously summing up in 1891 his capital of human experience, he listed among other items this: "I have been an author for 20 years and an ass for 55." There is the courage and the candor of a man who dares to look himself in the face and tells himself unpalatable home truths. With precisely similar spirit Mark Twain looked into the "civilization" of his time and told it that it deserved to be damned. And he was right.

His applications of the democratic test to three or four celebrated affairs near the close of the last century deserve a fresh airing. In 1900 he wrote to his friend Twichell: "Apparently we are not proposing to set the Filipinos free and give their islands to them; and apparently we are not proposing to hang the priests and confiscate their property. If these things are so, the war out there has no interest for me." In the same year he wrote of the Boxer Rebellion: "It is all China, now, and my sympathies are with the Chinese. They have been villanously dealt with by the sceptred thieves of Europe, and I hope they will drive all the foreigners out and keep them out for good. I only wish it; of course I don't really expect it." And of the South African War: "My head is with the Briton, but my heart and such rags of morals as I have are with the Boer." His head was with the Briton, because, as he said, the failure of England "would mean an inundation of *Russian and German political degradations which would steep it in a sort of Middle Age night and slavery which would last till Christ comes again.* [Reviewer's italics.] Even wrong—and she is wrong—England must be upheld. He is an enemy of the human race who shall speak against her now." Finally, apropos of the Czar's proposals for universal disarmament he writes to

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William T. Stead: "The Czar is ready to disarm: *I* am ready to disarm. Collect the *others*, it should not be much of a task now." To which he adds in a second letter: "Can't we get four great Powers to agree to reduce their strength 10 per cent. a year and thrash the others into doing likewise? For, of course, we cannot get all of the Powers to be in their right minds at one time. It has been tried."

All this is the comment of a man who combined with his invincible democratic idealism a "realizing sense" of the complex wickedness of the human heart. Out of the love and wrath of that union Mark Twain would, if he were in the flesh to-day, give us his "reaction" to the War of the German Invasions; and his utterances, we may be sure, would as of old represent the deepest convictions of the American people. To his intimate friends he would reveal that despairing inner wrench and revolt which every honest democrat felt when he recognized the inevitability of American participation in the hideous conflict. His heart and his rags of morals, he would probably admit, were with the uncompromising pacifists. He would fill his letters with "disparaging remarks about the human race," just as he did in the case of the Boer War: "Why *was* the human race created? Or at least why wasn't something creditable created in place of it? God had his opportunity. He could have made a reputation. But no, He must commit this grotesque folly—a lark which must have cost Him a regret when He came to think it over and observe effects. For a giddy and unbecoming caprice there has been nothing like it till this war." He would go on to exclaim that he wished all this "civilization," for which we are fighting, were "in hell, where it belongs." But, he would hasten to add, as he did in the case of the Boer War, "*provided* we could get something better in the place of it. But that is not possible, perhaps. Poor as it is, it is better than *real* savagery, therefore we must stand by it, extend it, and (in public) praise it." A defeat for the cause of the Allies, he would conclude, would be an "irremediable disaster for the mangy human race." Having thus purged his heart with bitter words, he would go on to the platform and declare with utter sincerity that Americans must support this war to the last drop of their blood, as their noblest and holiest enterprise since 1776. Such was the humor of Mark Twain.

Constitutional Conventions

Constitutional Conventions. By Roger Sherman Hoar. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.

SINCE the appearance of Judge Jameson's notable volume on constitutional conventions a half-century ago, there has been a great development in the practice of constitution-making. Many new questions have arisen; many matters then regarded as settled have had to be reopened. The result is that students of political science have found themselves during recent years without any authoritative source of information on controverted points concerning the nature, powers, and limitations of these organic law-making bodies. Mr. Hoar has undertaken to remedy this situation by collecting into one volume of moderate dimensions the considerable array of precedents now available and presenting therewith a summary of opinions drawn from various legal treatises.

The book is well planned. There is an initial chapter dealing in a general way with the history of conventions, followed by an analysis of fundamental doctrines. Then the author launches into the realm of law and discusses, step by step, a score of highly important questions, as, for example, who may call a convention, and by what procedure, how far a convention is sovereign, the degree in which its actions may be controlled by the courts, the extent to which it may dictate its own rules of business, and the so-termed "doctrine of acquiescence." The jurisprudence of nearly every State in the Union has been ransacked for guidance on these various points; in every chapter there is evidence that the author has done his work with great enthusiasm and no little diligence. For the statesman, the lawyer, and the student of public affairs, even for the courts, indeed, there is a wealth of useful information within the covers of this book. The ink on its pages was hardly dry, in fact, before the Supreme Court of Indiana gave Mr. Hoar's volume the honor of a citation in its recent decision on the question of holding a constitutional convention in that State.

While the author has made an earnest attempt to be impartial, to eliminate from his pages the influence of preconceived ideas and to let the precedents tell their own story, he has not been altogether successful in keeping to the rôle of non-partisan. Between the lines it is easy to detect, in many instances, Mr. Hoar's own political leanings. His Progressivism refuses to stay in the background. Yet this is, after all, a small blemish. It is more than offset by the clear and vigorous style in which the book is written.

Country Chronicles

The Story of a Country Town. By E. W. Howe. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Great Possessions. By David Grayson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Parnassus on Wheels. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

A Country Child. By Grant Showerman. New York: The Century Company.

"THE Story of a Country Town" was first published nearly thirty-five years ago. Its author was then and remained until a few years ago the editor and proprietor of the Atchison *Daily Globe*, of Atchison, Kansas. He has written several other chronicles of Western life, none of which has made quite the impression of this first one. In the early eighties a piece of literature out of the West was still a prodigy to the West itself. "The Story of a Country Town" was published in Atchison, and the first edition was quickly exhausted there. Local curiosity may have had as much to do with this as local pride or real appreciation. But the book presently came out of the West, to be hailed warmly in high quarters. Its chief admirers, to be sure, seem to have been W. D. Howells and Mark Twain, who might naturally be attracted to it for three special reasons: it was Western, it smelled of the printer's craft which both knew so well, and above all it was essentially realistic in quality. It had not the demure realism of "A Boy's Town" or the rollicking realism of "Huckleberry Finn"; but the author of the one hailed its "simple, naked humanness," and the author of the other declared that its "pictures of the arid village life, and the insides and outsides of its people, are vivid and, what is more, true, for I have seen it all and lived it all." Its realism, indeed, strongly resembles the sombre and skep-

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tical realism of the "Spoon River Anthology." There is not a trace of Western brag in it; its view of life in rural Kansas is openly pessimistic. The settlers of that forlorn hamlet, Fairview, are not so much pioneers as stragglers from the ranks of civilized life. Having failed to grow up elsewhere, they have strayed westward to "grow up with the country." They are a thriftless, discouraged, and discouraging lot. Life in the town of Twin Mounds is upon a hardly more heroic though somewhat less hopeless plane. Youth and idealism are found struggling there against almost insuperable obstacles. The style has the slightly high-flown quaintness of an earlier generation, and there are touches of melodrama in its conscious (and superfluous) plot. What one carries away from the book is a haunting atmosphere, and two or three inimitable portraits, especially Big Adam, that irrepressible son of nature, and Lytle Biggs, cynical philosopher and amateur of life.

This story-teller, like Mr. Hamlin Garland, has found no glamour in rustic life that can make up for its toil and its squalor. A friend with a leaning farmwards was speaking of "A Son of the Middle Border" the other day. He admitted that its pessimism about the life of the farmer had chilled him a bit, and said the book needed "an antidote." We suggested, a trifle slyly, the latest work of that clever writer who now and then signs himself "David Grayson." "Oh," said the friend, "I didn't mean an emetic." A turn of phrase, we must own, more forcible than just, and yet suggesting the reaction of many honest lovers of the soil to the rather fulsome "Graysonian" philosophy and literature. What we dislike chiefly, perhaps, is the complacency of his mellow hieratic chant, with its double appeal to those who incline to go "back to the land," and to those who are determined to be "glad," according to the current fashion (in fiction). Always we have the impression that what the amiable David is offering us is a proprietary article, something that he has invented and kindly put on the market: "As I came in from the field that night, the sun was low in the hills, and a faint breeze had begun to blow, sweetly cool after the burning heat of the day. And I felt again that curious deep sense I have so often here in the country, of the soundness and reality of the plain things of life." Why curious? one may ask; for who has not had that sense, if he knows the country at all? His "great possessions," his sense of the beauty and honesty of country living, are the possessions, dimly apprehended, yet real and cherished, of millions of dwellers upon the soil the world over. "David Grayson," we suspect, is a celebrant of rural mysteries for a congregation chiefly composed of the city-bound. Through him they may taste pleasantly and safely of country joys, as they may taste hardier adventures in company with the "red-blooded" romancers. A few he may have encouraged to go back to the land not altogether to their satisfaction. One scents a qualm or two in the final chapter of the present book, "On Living in the Country," in which the prophet becomes the friendly counsellor, setting forth sensibly the cons as well as the pros of the farmer's life; warning the city man against trying the land as "an easy way to escape the real problems and difficulties of life." There is, says this sober adviser, no escape; but the country offers its own way of meeting and solving these problems; and it offers certain alleviations and privileges not to be found elsewhere, and not to be equalled elsewhere, for those who are really made of country stuff: to all of which sane lovers of the country will say amen. Apropos of the Graysonian cult is the very amusing little yarn, "Parnassus on Wheels." David and his sister Harriet are represented by Andrew and Helen McGill. Helen is a Harriet who comes to life and asserts her own right to adventures and possessions. For years she has faithfully drudged for the visionary Andrew. Of late his success as a literary interpreter of farming has left him little time for farm work. He is always going off on new adventures, in search of copy, leaving his sister to do the chores and dutifully to add to her "anthology of six thousand loaves of bread," baked for him in the course of their housekeeping. Then comes, in whimsical guise, her chance of escape. She seizes it, to the horror of Andrew; and, by way of a series of amusing adventures in a travelling book-shop, achieves her own romance—and permanent escape from the dazed bookmaker, her brother. All this might easily result in mere farce, but it is done with delicacy and humor, a bit of true romantic comedy.

The "Country Chronicle" of Professor Showerman had a fresh savor which "A Country Child," being a sequel and done in the same manner, inevitably lacks. The scene and the characters of the book are the same; but as a personal record of a single child's every-day experiences it gives less opportunity for those pictures of the functions and festivals of the community as a whole which were perhaps the most vivid and interesting portions of the earlier narrative or sequence of sketches. The child's home is a little farm in a Middle Western neighborhood, a generation ago. Conditions are rude enough; no "improvements," few recreations of a sort recognizable by the urban eye, much hard work, and small gain in money. But the man's memory is of a kindly childhood, full of family affection, neighborly offices, and natural pleasures. This is especially striking because the method is carefully realistic, to the point of setting down, now and then, certain details of the rather disgusting humor all boys enjoy in common. The continuous use of the present tense grows pretty monotonous before the end of this second book; and by monotony the pictorial effect of the method is well-nigh lost. If the author gives us other chapters of autobiography, as he well may, it must be hoped that he will not drag out an expedient into a mannerism.

Biblical Antiquities

Archæology of the Bible. By George A. Barton. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. $2.

DESPITE the many works on the archæology of the Bible, Professor Barton has produced one of surpassing interest. In the first place, it is more comprehensive than other works on the subject. Secondly, the inclusion of copious translations from Sumerian, Babylonian, and Egyptian texts are in themselves sufficient to mark the work as a most notable contribution; and in the third place, the work contains no less than 114 plates, referring to every section of the book and furnishing practically a complete list of all monuments found in Palestine, Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, and Asia Minor, that bear on Biblical archæology. No such comprehensive list of illustrations, which includes specimens of pottery of all periods, drawings from tombs, plans of temples, inscriptions, primitive and later weapons, in addition to all the well-known monuments, is to be found in a single volume. Professor Barton's work thus falls into three divisions: the archæology proper, the documents, and the illustrations. The author gives us a scholarly survey of the history of Egypt,

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Babylonia, Assyria, Palestine, and the Hittites, with accounts of the excavations conducted in these countries. These concise accounts include all the essential facts. In each case Professor Barton brings the account of the work down to date. A good illustration of the thoroughness of his method is to be found in the chapter on Hittites, which is a survey both of the excavations and of the attempts at decipherment of the strange script, including the progress signalled by Professor Delitzsch's monograph on the vocabularies found in the course of excavations at Boghas-Köi. These vocabularies furnish a safe basis for determining the character of the Hittite language, which now, through the further studies of an Austrian scholar, Dr. Friderich Hrozny, turns out to be an Aryan language. It would appear, indeed, as though at last a safe basis for decipherment of the Hittite script had been found, and we may look forward to substantial progress just as soon as the hundreds of texts which lie in Constantinople and which were recently published shall have been thoroughly studied.

Particularly rewarding are the chapters on the explorations in Palestine and its archæological history, including special chapters on the pottery, utensils, measures and weights, high places, temples, and tombs. Within a compass of one hundred pages Professor Barton has successfully compressed material which might easily have been expanded into a volume. The only serious criticism to be passed on this section of the work is the comparatively little space given to the problem of the Canaanites and Amorites. Professor Clay's investigations on the Amoritic element in early Semitic traditions throw a new light on the problem of ethnic admixture in ancient Palestine, and we believe that Professor Barton might have gone more fully into the aspects of the relationship between the Amorites and Canaanites, as apparently the two chief elements in the earliest stratum of Palestinian settlements. The problem, to be sure, is a complicated one, but even the general reader, for whom this work is intended, ought to be in position at least to grasp the problem involved intelligently.

The reviewer, naturally, turns to the chapter on Jerusalem as a touchstone for the special character of the work. As a comprehensive review of all that we know of ancient and modern Jerusalem with the remarkably clear indication of its various divisions and of the character of the monuments unearthed by exploration and topographical studies, Professor Barton's thirty pages are the best presentation of the subject in English. The work done during the last forty or fifty years by various groups of explorers in unravelling the mystery of Palestinian archæology enables us to supplement our knowledge derived from data in the books of the Old Testament, and, what is of even more value, helps us form a critical estimate of these data. Biblical history can no longer be studied intelligently without constant reference to archæological results, and these pages are indispensable for all who wish to follow the course of Hebrew history in a manner that passes beyond the mere acceptance of certain conventional views that obscure rather than clarify that history.

In the second part Professor Barton furnishes a vast amount of illustrated material, chiefly from Babylonian and Egyptian sources, supplemented by notices from Greek and Latin writers: we feel that he has at times furnished too much. It was perhaps hardly necessary to add to the two Babylonian versions of the Creation a third, representing the Sumerian view on the basis of a tablet recently published (though not correctly interpreted) by Dr. Langdon. This tablet, written in Sumerian, is as yet too imperfectly understood to be incorporated into a work intended for the general public. Professor Barton's translation is in all respects an improvement on that given by Dr. Langdon, but there are many passages which are more than doubtful. Similarly, we may question the desirability of including translations of texts the bearings of which on Biblical archæology are exceedingly remote. Such a text appears on page 296, and is supposed to contain references to some of the kings mentioned in Genesis, Chapter 14, including Chadorloamer. Since, however, Professor Barton himself does not accept this reading (he is certainly correct in rejecting it), why give the text, which throws no light whatsoever on the chapter in question? It is also somewhat far-fetched to include specimens from the famous Tel-el-Amarna letters, the correspondence of Egyptian officials in Palestine with their royal masters, merely because they are letters addressed to a "ruler like Joseph." Besides, the "Joseph" story is an historical romance.

On the other hand, scholars as well as the general public owe a debt to the author for including a complete revised translation of the Code of Hammurawi with constant comparisons with the Pentateuchal Codes. These comparisons are exceedingly important, since they form a basis for comparison between legal institutions and social conditions among Hebrews and Babylonians, with the added opportunity of detecting Babylonian influences. Thus the Deuteronomic law (Deut. 19, 18-19), which visited upon a false witness the penalty which he proposed to bring upon some one, betrays the influence of the Hammurawi Code, which has an exactly similar provision. On the other hand, in the agricultural laws there is a wide divergence between Hebrew and Babylonian enactments; though an approach again between the two codes in the laws for the regulation of debts. According to both the Hebrew law and the Code of Hammurawi, children could be handed over to a creditor, who thus obtained service in lieu of cash payment: but the Hebrew law stipulates a term of six years, whereas the Babylonian puts the limit at three years. Quite as significant as the points of contact between the two codes are the subjects treated in the one which are not found in the other. Thus, in the Pentateuchal Codes there are no specific enactments for deposits or for the regulation of trade, whereas these play, in the Babylonian, where commerce is carried on on a large scale, a prominent part. Perhaps the most interesting point of comparison between the two codes is to be found in Professor Barton's translation of the marriage laws. Curiously enough, both codes still introduce the ordeal, that is, the appeal to the deity as a means of settling the guilt or innocence of a woman suspected of infidelity, though the mode of ordeal varies. In the Hammurawi Code the suspected woman is to be plunged into the stream, and if she swims is declared innocent, while in the Biblical (Numbers 5, 11-28), she drinks the water in which dust from the floor of the sanctuary has been placed. If she stands this ordeal without swelling up and dying, her innocence is attested. It is interesting to note that the Babylonian Code, despite its high antiquity, goes much further than the Pentateuchal Codes in granting protection to the woman whose husband wishes to divorce her.

For the historical period from the time of the Judges to

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the end of the two Hebrew kingdoms, Professor Barton has put together practically all the material in the Assyrian inscriptions bearing on Hebrew history. His translations are made directly from the original and are done with scholarly care and conscientiousness. If in some parts of this second section he gives too much, criticism is also in order for not giving more specimens of Babylonian hymns and prayers, particularly the impressive so-called penitential psalms, many of which are found in Babylonian literature and which offer striking parallels to some of the psalms. He includes, to be sure, the story of a royal sufferer whose laments over his condition almost strike a parallel to the Book of Job, but he might have embodied the penitential psalms proper, as well as a larger number of prayers, particularly from the Neo-Babylonian period. In the "Song of Songs," which is nothing but old Palestinian love ditties, probably composed for weddings, the author furnishes some interesting parallels to old Egyptian love songs; but he would have done better to have used a collection of modern folksongs in Palestine, made up by Dr. Dalman. The parallels here to the Biblical collection are much more striking. Towards the close of the section, Professor Barton passes over to the New Testament, though he confines himself to some inscriptions bearing upon passages in Acts and in the Epistles of Paul to the reproduction of the sayings of Jesus found in Egyptian papyri and to the bearings of such papyri upon the enrolment of Quirinius (vide Luke II).

Professor Barton has given us a work which, it is safe to say, will maintain its authoritative place for a long time to come. We hope that in a second edition he will be permitted to remove such concessions to an antiquated conservatism as the retention of the phrase "Mosaic Code." The phrase is devoid of meaning in a work which assumes the critical analysis of the Pentateuch into various codes all of the post-Mosaic age.

Notes

THE forthcoming publications of the Macmillan Co. include: "Toward the Gulf," by Edgar Lee Masters; "The Fat of the Land," by J. W. Streeter, and "Flood Tide," by Daniel Chase.

"Roving and Fighting," by Major Edward D. O'Reilly, is announced for publication shortly by the Century Co.

Harper & Brothers announce that they will publish on February 9 "Kitty Canary," by Kate Langley Bosher.

Among the spring publications of the Yale University Press are: "The Burglar of the Zodiac, and Other Poems," by William Rose Benét; "The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, 1623–1673," edited by Joseph Quincy Adams, jr.; "The Method of Henry James," by Joseph Warren Beach; "The History of Henry Fielding," by Wilbur L. Cross; "The Tragedy of Tragedies by Henry Fielding," edited, with an introduction, by James T. Hillhouse; "The Yale Shakespeare," edited under the direction of the Department of English, Yale University; "An Outline Sketch of English Constitutional History," by George Burton Adams; "The Great Roll of the Pipe for the Twenty-sixth Year of the Reign of King Henry the Third, A. D. 1241–1242," edited by Henry Lewin Cannon; "The Processes of History," by Frederick J. Teggart; "Lyman Beecher Lectures," delivered at the Yale School of Religion in 1918, by Henry Sloane Coffin; "Human Nature and Its Remaking," by William Ernest Hocking; "Judicial Tenure in the United States," by William S. Carpenter; "The Conflict of Laws Relating to Bills and Notes," by Ernest G. Lorenzen; "Tables of the Moon," prepared by Ernest Brown, assisted by Henry B. Hedrick; "The Evolution of the Earth and Its Inhabitants," a series of lectures by Joseph Barrell, Charles Schuchert, Lorande Loss Woodruff, Richard Swann Lull, and Ellsworth Huntington; "Storage and Utilization of Water," by Frederick H. Newell.

"THE Handbook of Military Signaling," by Capt. Howard A. Giddings (Appleton; 60 cents), is a collection of official and general information concerning signalling, including descriptions of methods, illustrations of instruments and material, code alphabets, instructions, and suggestions. It is a useful, compact little volume.

"HANDICAPS of Childhood," by H. Addington Bruce (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net), is a work of manufacture rather than of literature, but none the less rather interesting reading for an hour or two and, if liberally seasoned with the salt of skepticism, perhaps not unprofitable reading for parents. The book calls attention to such "handicaps" as being an only child, sulking, jealousy, bashfulness, stammering, and the effect of fairy tales, and offers some suggestions about dealing with them. The salt is needed for the author's naïve acceptance of Freudian "discoveries"; apart from this prepossession, his suggestions are not lacking in sanity.

THERE are more things of interest to the student of constitutional history in Dr. Theodore C. Pease's "Leveller Movement" (American Historical Association; $1.50) than the title implies. The Levellers were not merely a group of radicals making more or less trouble for Parliament during the period of the English Commonwealth; they formed a small but earnest political party with definite and consistent views upon such matters as the sovereignty of the people and the supremacy of the law. Dr. Pease claims for them a large part in evolving the idea of a written constitution as the supreme law of the land, and the evidence which he adduces to that end is convincing. They were also instrumental in developing the principle, long before it found recognition in America, that the courts are vested with the function of safeguarding a written constitution against impairment by the regular law-making authorities. The paternity of our American doctrine of judicial supremacy is thus attributed to these seventeenth-century pamphleteers. The book is written with strict attention to the rules of sound historical workmanship and embodies the result of patient research in materials of unquestioned trustworthiness. To say that Dr. Pease has made a substantial contribution to our exact knowledge of both English and American constitutional history is to accord his book high praise, but no more than it deserves.

IN its eighteenth volume the Colonial Society of Massachusetts prints the transactions of ten meetings held during the months from January, 1915, to April, 1916 (Boston: Published for the Society). The most curious of the papers printed is an essay on the early interest taken in that problem of North American archæology, the strange

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characters on the perpendicular face of the rock in Taunton River, just across from the town of Dighton, Mass. These characters have been ascribed to some twenty different origins: Phœnician, Norse, Indian, and others; among them the theory which sees in them the handiwork of the North American Indians of colonial times is most generally accepted. The paper which is contributed by Professor Delaberre, of Brown University, though long and very minute, is well illustrated and interesting. Other articles are by Albert Matthews on "Harvard Commencement Days, 1642–1916," a useful and painstaking work of reference, and by Arthur H. Buffington on "New England and the Western Fur Trade, 1629–1675," a well-informed essay on a little-worked phase of early trading history. It describes the attempts of New England merchants to prosecute trading enterprises with the Indians, and throws some light on the origins of the New England Confederation. Mr. Buffington believes that, but for the opposition of the Dutch and later of the English at New York, New England would have had just such a hunting, fur-trading frontier as did Pennsylvania and the Southern colonies in the eighteenth century. This conclusion is warranted, though obvious and hardly needing so elaborate a demonstration for its proof. On the whole, the volume is less important historically than are some of its predecessors. The frontispiece is an excellent portrait of the late Abner C. Goodell.

THERE is something of the atmosphere of decadent Rome or of pre-revolutionary France about the life of the Petrograd upper circles depicted in "Michail Gourakin," a novel by Mme. Lappo-Danileveskaya (McBride; $1.50). In ordinary times this novel would appeal primarily to the seekers of the piquant, of resplendent wickedness displayed on a background of titled aristocracy philandering in exclusive salons reeking with adultery and social gossip. The author throws on the screen as brilliant a gallery of degenerate dukes, counts, and princes as one may find in "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," but she lacks the moral flame which glows and scorches under Tolstoy's descriptions of sensuality, she even seems to gloat over the voluptuousness of the scenes described. The book has, however, a general significance at the present moment. The concluding chapters bring the story up to the year 1915, describe the early war enthusiasm of all classes, the momentary popularity of the Czar, and the victorious advance in East Prussia. The battlefield proves a redemption ground for the degenerate aristocracy. Michail Gourakin dies in a field-hospital, and thus appears to atone in the end for his long, aimless existence as a successful winner of feminine hearts.

IT is a matter of no little satisfaction that despite the distractions and heavy expenses of the present war, the British Government has been able to continue the issue of important publications planned for and partly executed before the war began. No important official series has thus far been stopped entirely, though in some cases the pace has been slackened, less, however, than might have been expected in view of the need of economy. Students familiar with the activities of the India Office have noted with pleasure that William Foster's calendaring of the official papers of the East India Company has gone on without interruption, and they will be equally gratified to find that the project begun in 1911 to arrange, list, and calendar the private manuscripts which had come into the hands of the same office, either by gift or by purchase, has borne fruit in the issue of the first two volumes of a "Catalogue of Manuscripts in European Languages belonging to the Library of the India Office" (Oxford University Press). These volumes contain a calendar of parts of two collections: that of Lieut.-Col. Mackenzie, surveyor of India, 1815-1821, and that of Robert Orme, for many years in service at Calcutta, a friend of Clive's, and later historiographer of the company, dying in 1801. The Mackenzie papers deal largely with the Dutch island of Java, but those of Orme are of a more miscellaneous character, consisting of the materials which he collected for his "History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Indostan from the Year 1745," of which only two volumes were ever issued. This work, which Macaulay, with characteristic hastiness of judgment, deemed minute even to tediousness, was selected by Thackeray, who knew the esteem in which it was held by military men, as the favorite reading of Colonel Newcome. The catalogue describes each item, and, in many cases, calendars the contents at some length, quoting apt and interesting passages from the correspondence, particularly from the letters to Clive. The work is a guide, designed only for the use of investigators, but the introductions add considerably to our knowledge of the men to whose energies these collections are due.

MR. ROBERT M. WERNAER, who came from Germany to adopt America, has written in "The Soul of America" (Four Seas Company; $1.25 net) a fervent, sometimes almost dithyrambic, expression of his patriotism and his hopes for the American future—the medium being verse of a free order. He takes forcible flings at the expatriate, the pro-German, pro-British, or pro-French, the materialist and anti-democrat, and in short at those who do not "Enter into the doorway of the Spirit, Pass into the great life of our Nation, Know her Spirit, her Soul, her Being." In the two final divisions he presents his definition of the mental and spiritual qualities that he believes must be the endowment of the "psychocrats" with whom lies the destiny of the United States, and his sense of the high duty of the war for democracy. The whole is on the plane of inspirational writing, the author preaching, against the background of war, the necessity for personal consecration to the fine ends of democracy. One may be somewhat repelled by the irregular verse and the sustained personification of subjectivities and still leave the book struck by its spirit, its unmistakable earnestness and sincerity.

OBSERVERS have already been speculating as to the ultimate reaction upon social conditions of the brutalizing effect of trench warfare when the young men of the nations shall have returned, still under the influence of this new, sordid phase of war, to the ordinary pursuits of peace. Can the souls of men endure the strain of the most horrible bodily fatigue, cold, sleeplessness, and imminent deadly danger, coupled with that induced by the enforced close association with the suffering and mortal agony of friend and foe, which cannot, under the stress of circumstances, be alleviated? Can men live like water rats in mudholes, in the midst of corpses, trampling the wounded with the dead into the trench mire in the struggle for life itself, with those others still afoot, and retain through all this their human-

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ity? The "Campaign Diary of a French Officer" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net) throws a reassuring light on these ethical questions. The young author, a student unacquainted with war, is thrown suddenly from his peaceful university into the midst of those fearful ordeals. How he meets them is simply told in a series of vivid, gripping pictures of the worst that war can bring and the best that man can give. From the moment the first shell bursts over him, through the mud, cold, fatigue, and carnage, through the assault, and while crawling back painfully out of the jaws of death, he remains simple, human, unseared as to soul. The military reader will find beyond the lessons of dauntless courage and grandeur of spirit, the examples of a quick-witted, resourceful platoon leader in confronting and solving many problems that our own men will doubtless soon be confronting.

IN "Liability and Compensation Insurance" (Appleton; $2 net), Ralph H. Blanchard sets forth in language largely free from technicalities the results, in terms of legislation and insurance practice, of the recent widespread workmen's compensation movement in this country. As an appropriate setting for the main discussion, the author devotes several introductory chapters to a consideration of industrial accidents and their prevention, and to outlining the development of the principle of employers' liability. Attention is directed also to the historical development of workmen's compensation laws in foreign countries, where they were put into actual operation some time before their adoption, within the last five or six years, by the great majority of our State Legislatures. Having thus introduced his readers to the more general aspects of his subject, Mr. Blanchard proceeds to apply the theory of probability which underlies all scientific insurance to employers' liability and workmen's compensation as a special form of insurance. An analysis is then made of the two general types of organizations which, in this country, have engaged in the insurance of employers' liability and workmen's compensation—the stock company and the mutual association. The arguments for and against each form of organization are presented with impartiality, and the reader is left to judge the relative merits of each type. The main features of the policy contract are set forth, and the various methods of determining the rates or premiums are carefully analyzed. In the appendix are found the Workmen's Compensation law of New York State with notes thereon of the State Industrial Commission, and a sample form of the contract of a workmen's compensation and employers' liability policy covering a typical manufacturing risk. At the close of the chapters are references to the best literature dealing with the various topics under consideration. A number of well-chosen maps and charts add materially to the ease of reading the volume. The book covers the same general field as Rhodes's "Workmen's Compensation," recently noted in these columns. It should appeal primarily to teachers and students of insurance, but it contains much information of interest to the business man and the intelligent general reader as well.

THE chief point of interest in the very complete book "Ponies and all about Them," by Frank Townsend Barton, M.R.C.V.S. (E. P. Dutton & Co.), on the anatomy, conformation, diseases, and utilization of the small horse, its stable management and hygiene, is the courage displayed by the author and publisher in bringing out such a work during the war. Of course, it is a product of the British Isles. Cheap automobiles and anti-racing laws this side of the Atlantic have curtailed interest in the breeding and development of all classes of horses in America, not useful for heavy draught purposes. The Briton's belief in his own unchangeableness could not be more aptly illustrated than in the publication of a creditable book on ponies at a time when the nation is absorbed in the winning of a great war. The volume enters somewhat into the history of ponies as distinct from merely small horses of well-established types. It is difficult to generalize on ponies owing to their diverse types, many of which, so far as their conformation is concerned, are far from ideal. All that can be said is to state in a fundamental way what is regarded as the best general type of a particular variety, and test each individual accordingly. The different breeds of ponies vary in form and utility quite as radically as the recognized varieties of horses. The thoroughbred polo pony, the miniature hackney, and the Shetland, vary more completely in conformation, action, and characteristics than do the race horse, the standard bred trotter, and the gaited saddler. The question of superiority as between the small and the large, the thoroughbred and the animal of cold blood, periodically agitates the regular army, and has made the standardization of a type quite impossible. There is much in this volume to throw light upon these debatable questions, and the information is conveyed in unprejudiced terms quite conformable to recorded history.

"A BOOK of Strategy for English Teachers" is the subtitle of Mr. C. H. Ward's "What is English?" (Scott, Foresman). Intended mainly for teachers in secondary schools, the book recommends a strategic attack upon three points—spelling, grammar, and punctuation. For each of these offensives Mr. Ward gives both argument and elaborate plans. In spelling he would devote the greater part of the attention to the comparatively short list of common words constantly misspelled. Such lists have been compiled by many teachers with remarkably similar results. In grammar he would neglect forms and lay special emphasis upon word, phrase, and clause relations, bearing down hardest upon clauses. He is a stout advocate of the use of diagrams. To punctuation he gives almost as much space as to the other two subjects combined, and includes a complete set of rules based on recent manuals. Surely this is disproportionate. Of course, high-school students should be taught to punctuate intelligibly, but this, we are inclined to think, can best be accomplished incidentally; it should always be a secondary matter, not the main point of attack. And except for professional proofreaders, sets of rules for punctuation have no relish of salvation in them. The book represents a reaction, in the main wholesome, against the notion that the whole duty of a high-school English teacher is to cultivate "insight into beauty" or to teach his pupils to write clever short stories. But the reaction (in theory, at least) may easily go too far. Some of the difficulties against which Mr. Ward urges a concentration of all available reserves may be more easily overcome by a flank attack or a series of well-planned raids. If a student, through the awakening of his mind by reading, or through other influences, can be induced to take an interest in expressing his own ideas, these minor essentials will easily and quickly be added to his equipment.

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A New Museum for London

IT may seem strange that the Government has had the enterprise to start a new Museum at the very moment when so many of the old museums are being turned into the offices for which the Government's demand is insatiable, or else being closed for safety in towns within the radius of air raids. In London, one after the other, the National Portrait Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Gallery, the British Museum, have shut their doors, and the National Gallery most of its rooms, while South Kensington Museum, for long spared, at last threatens to go the way of the others. It had already paid for its escape by being forced to shelter under its roof, at imminent risk to its treasures, a timber-built British Industries Fair designed for the encouragement of art and manufacture after the war. But this was a temporary intrusion. The fate that has now befallen it is far worse, for the older part of the building has been given over to the Bureau of Education, though in the opinion of many authorities South Kensington plays as important a rôle in the education of the people as the Bureau itself. There is no question that the loss to the public is great and far more serious to the student, and that there is every reason for the complaints and protests heard on every side, especially if, as it is feared, the plague of offices will gradually spread through the rest of the Museum. It would be hard then to understand how, in the midst of this wholesale suppression of old museums, the Government should find time and money to found and equip a brand-new one, were it not that this new one is devoted entirely to war.

The National War Museum, under the directorship of Sir Martin Conway, is as yet a promise rather than an achievement. It has no building of its own, it is still struggling in such space as can be made for it at the Office of Works, its exhibits are mostly scattered here and there, shown in different places, until all can be safely housed together. But already one can form some idea of what the Museum is to be.

It will consist of a permanent exhibition of the weapons and utensils of war—the guns and bombs, the grenades and trench mortars, the airships and planes, the soldiers' uniforms and trappings, in a word, everything that has to do with the actual business and conduct of war, above all everything that makes this war so different from any war ever fought before. It is true that the time has gone by when man had the leisure or the inclination to decorate and glorify the weapons destined for no other end than the mutilating and killing of his fellow-man, making of them things of beauty, the delight of the artist no less than the warrior, worthy to be preserved forever, as works of art, if as nothing else. War to-day does not give us arms and armor that can compare with the most insignificant examples of the wonderful collection in Vienna, or that other collection almost as wonderful in the Wallace Gallery, London. It does not attempt to make itself beautiful, to mask its hideousness under the garb of art. The get-up of the modern Launcelot who has to face the mud and filth of the trenches would lure no Lady of Shalott from her loom; the savage would make a braver showing in her mirror. If there is any beauty in modern arms and armor, it is the beauty not of art but of science—the beauty of appropriateness, of ingenuity, of the perfect machine; its interest is for the scientific man, the engineer, the soldier, the sailor, the mechanical genius, or, as an aid in his task, the historian.

This does not mean, however, that art will have no place in the War Museum, but only that the artist's work in war time is now of another kind. While the mechanic diligently turns out munitions and the soldier more diligently fights, the artist is busy making his record of it all—of the colossal, temple-like factories, with their dramatic monstrous machines, their battalions of labor, their mysteries of smoke and flame—of the abomination of desolation, in the rent and riven battlefield, in the desecrated town, the dishonored church—of the march of armies, the travail of guns, the drill of searchlights, the flight of air squadrons. The English munition lithographs by Pennell are here, the reproductions of Muirhead Bone's drawings, the paintings by Nevinson, among many other things, so that to the mechanical and scientific display of the implements of the new scientific and mechanical fashion of making war, there will be the pictorial background. One may question whether Muirhead Bone was the artist best qualified to chronicle affairs at the front, whether present warfare, or the warfare of any age, is best expressed by Nevinson's geometric arrangement of cubes. There is far more of the spirit, the movement of war in the tiniest print by Charlet or Raffet. But work characteristic of the day has its value, even if unsuccessful. How much contemporary prints and drawings and paintings may add to just such a collection was realized in the Aircraft Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery last winter. Indeed, that exhibition, in which not merely machines and machinery were shown, but also prints, paintings, posters, fans, and pottery in one way or another associated with them, gave an excellent idea of the possibilities of a War Museum planned on so much larger and more comprehensive a scale. And art will be supplemented by photography, by the plain, dull statement of fact in the official war photographs and war films, while not the least important part of the museum will be the War Library.

The foundations of the Library are already well laid. For the moment it, too, has a temporary home at the Office of Works, in a basement room sufficiently large for it in its present proportions. I understand it has not been decided whether the Library eventually is to be placed in the building to be put up for the Museum, or in the British Museum, where its usefulness would be increased, but, wherever it goes, it will need far more extensive quarters. The collection may be small now, though it has grown quickly enough considering that it was begun only last May, but the chances are of an almost unlimited growth in the future. Everybody who can write, and more who cannot, have contributed to the literature of war. It is said that already over thirty-six thousand books and pamphlets have been published on the subject. Most individuals who started out to collect them long since gave it up as hopeless. Only the millionaire or the Government can afford to carry through such an enterprise thoroughly. Even many of those who confined themselves to one special branch of the subject, to war cookery, or war poetry, or war tactics, or war this, or war that, have abandoned it in despair. The catalogue of the Henri Leblanc collection in Paris, destined for the state, shows what the collector with money and enthusiasm can accomplish. But a national war library must do even more. If the record is to be exhaustive, if the collection is to include all the literature that belongs legitimately to the history of the war, tracing it to its first cause and following it to its after effects upon the world, then the past must be borrowed from and a prolific future prepared for. As it is, the beginning justifies the liberal grant of the taxpayers' money to spend

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upon it and the interest given to it by Mr. Forbes Sieveking, the librarian, and his staff. There would be no use to attempt a list of the books already on the shelves, even were there space for it. The titles of the greater number have been made familiar by the publishers' announcements for the last three years, not merely in England, but on the Continent and in America. For that matter, some of the most curious books there now are German: volumes of seditious literature taken from captured ships, or volumes found on German prisoners. Two of these are proof, if proof were needed, of German thoroughness; one an illustrated handbook on aircraft, examples of French and English as well as German aeroplanes and airships included; the other a series of photographs of towns through which the Boches have hacked their way, the horrible, unpardonable proofs of their hacking chronicled without shame. Another rarity, that even to-day has become a prize for the collector, is the complete series of the French *Le Mot* with the suppressed cartoon, *Hellas*. And, in the course of years, the complete series of the *Times* since the memorable, epoch-making fourth of August, 1914, may be as difficult to rival. But these are only a few items of interest selected at random from rapidly filling shelves.

If it is surprising that the needs of the war should leave enough energy for an enterprise that requires not a little in itself, certainly there is every reason to be thankful. For it is now that, either by purchase or by gifts, the war literature may be collected with least expense and greatest ease, and no advocate for peace in the future could plead with greater eloquence than a complete record of the tragedy the world has had to bear for three long years and is still bearing. The more clearly and fully the brutality and sorrow of this most brutal and sorrowful of all wars is recorded for future generations, the more unwilling they will be to risk its repetition, the more determined to shield mankind from the evil that produced it. N. N.

London, December 15, 1917

A Defence of Spouting Clubs

By ELBRIDGE COLBY

FROM the days of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," British dramatists did not spare the artistic pretensions of apprentices and shop clerks. Magazines and plays, especially of the eighteenth century, contained many references to their peculiar institutions known as "spouting clubs," usually in a tone of ridicule.

> Thro' all the town this folly you may trace.
> Myself am witness—'tis a common case,

says Arthur Murphy in the prologue to his farce "The Apprentice," and then proceeds to give a lively scene at such an assembly. In the same dramatic piece is a definition:

Wingate—What's a spouting club?
Gargle (Apothecary)—A meeting of 'prentices and clerks, and giddy young men, intoxicated with plays; and so they meet in public houses to act speeches; there they all neglect business, despise the advice of their friends, and think of nothing but to become actors.

There was a house at Cripplegate (the Sign of the Red Lion) where, on a certain night in the week, the apprentices of mercers, tailors, grocers, etc., upon depositing the sum of sixpence at the bar, received tickets which served as passports into the frontiers of the Muses' territory, vulgarly called the spouting room. It was fortified with paper scenes, canvas doors, and brass knockers in water colors; and it was nothing uncommon to see an apothecary's 'prentice, wielding a truncheon instead of a pestle, with one turn of his mighty arm demolish the dome of a church, rend the foundation of a temple, or by an unlucky turn of his heel at his death bury a whole city in ruins as he fell, to make, as the poet says, "his fall more glorious."*

There was no George Barnwell here. If time was wasted, it was not in dissipation and riotousness, but in rant, contortion, and extravagance which harmed none but the unwilling listener. And when these kings of emphasis and heroes of attitude were overheard, it was more frequently to the amusement than to the annoyance of the eavesdroppers. From this amusement sprang their farcical representation in literature at a time when "Joseph Andrews" and "Evelina" were in every window corner and the farces of Samuel Foote on every stage. Constant repetition of the noblest sentiments, even when done in imitation and mimicry of famous performers and accomplished without sincerity, but merely as an art, could not fail in some degree to engraft on the mind of the youngster some conceptions of morality and high conduct. Even Arthur Murphy, who laughed, filled the ordinary speech of one of his characters with jagged, half-remembered lines from notable dramas. It is difficult to admit that these societies had an "idle, ridiculous, and vicious tendency," as one of their critics charged. Meeting in an upper room over a shop or a public house, the harmless apprentices, the weigher of figs and the measurer of ribbons whose soul, nailed like a bad shilling to a master counter, could not, amid the drudgery of their trade, soar even as high as declamation, gathered to read as best they could flamboyant prologues and to shout aloud selected passages from "Every Man in His Humour," "False Delicacy," "The Thespian Masquerade," "The Fair Penitent," "The Mourning Bride," or "Much Ado About Nothing."†

At times these clubs resulted in published verse.‡ And one man who achieved some success as actor and playwright through his own talent was not ashamed to confess that he "commenced player," as the phrase went, in a spouting club.§ Some of the managers of the country companies even maintained agents to frequent such places and spy out likely candidates for the legitimate stage. Macklin was one of these, for it was a hobby with him to pick up young adventurers of promising talents and try to make actors of them. Samuel Foote admitted that he had been "teazed by all the spouters of London . . . with no stage varnish or true strolling brass lacker," but he heard them and was kind. Yet all the world was not so kind. The theatrical profession was held in disrepute, and these imitators of that profession were scolded for presumed neglect of their regular duties. In "Alwyn, or The Gentleman Comedian," an anonymous novel of 1780, there is a very amusing episode in a "spouting club," which seems to have had some warrant for truth. A master entered the astounding

*See an article in *The Town and Country Magazine*, January, 1779, XI, 14.

†Titles drawn from a rare old book, "The Spouter's Companion; containing a select collection of the most esteemed prologues and epilogues, To be spoken in the Characters of Bloods, Bucks, Choice Spirits, Fribbles, Bravos, &c. . . . To which is added, The Spouter's Medley: Containing select parts of the most celebrated Comedies and Tragedies. . . . London: Printed for J. Cooke, at Shakespear's Head, Pater-noster Row." (Circa 1760.)

‡See *The Scots Magazine*, February, 1778, 40, 103.

§*Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft*, I, 180.

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upper room just as his servant was feeling for the visionary weapon of Macbeth:

> Is this a dagger which I see before me,
> The handle toward my hand?—
> Come, let me clutch thee.

By chance he reached towards the door and so into the very face of the master, who entered at that unfortunate moment.

After the evil of wasted hours, the commonest indictment brought against the spouters was against their vanity. Said Samuel Foote: "I never saw a spouter before that did not want to surprise the town in Pierre, or Lothario, or some character that demands all the address and every requisite of a master of the art." But this was ever the case with amateurs, enjoying no professional acting schools, and it was hard for a person who had charmed his friends as Hamlet to realize that to a scrutinizing general public he was fit only for a grave-digger. Out of the humdrum of every-day life these London lads lifted themselves to Alpine peaks, Oriental shores, or kingly thrones. The naïveté of uncultured people is charming and has original flavor, while the conventional platitudes of the half-cultured are deadly. In those times the British drama was a doubtful quantity, and the members of these informal clubs probably did not suffer so much by comparison with the actors and dramatists who served the regular stage.

An Opera by Liszt

By HENRY T. FINCK

WHEN Franz Liszt was a boy of fourteen he wrote an opera which was sung four times at the Grand Opéra in Paris under the title of "Don Sanche." That was his last as well as his first attempt in this direction, although Wagner urged him to make another, and even offered him for this purpose a dramatic sketch, "Wieland the Smith." Hans von Bülow believed that Liszt could have become a formidable rival of Wagner on the operatic stage, and there is reason in some of his songs and orchestral works for such an opinion. "Loreley," "Mignon," "The King of Thule," "The Fisher Boy," "The Alpine Hunter," and others of his songs are really miniature music dramas, while in his Hungarian Rhapsodies and in some of his symphonic poems, notably "Tasso," "Mazeppa," and "The Battle of the Huns," there is a subtle and imposing art of climaxing which any operatic composer might envy him.

While he preserved his coy attitude towards the operatic stage, one of his works, "Saint Elizabeth," was produced as an opera without his desire and consent. He had composed it as a "legend," or modern oratorio, differing from the old-style oratorios in dispensing with set numbers and making the musical flow continuous, as in Wagner's operas. As an oratorio it was frequently sung, the first time at Budapest in 1865; but when it was produced as an opera at Weimar, in 1884, in Liszt's presence, he realized, as others did, that much of it was more effective in that form than in the concert hall. In Prague it had a run of sixty nights as an opera. When it reached Vienna, Dr. Hanslick declared that it was "formed throughout in dramatic fashion" and that "the entrance of the Magyar envoys, the march of the Crusaders, with big drum and cymbals, the storm with the destruction of the castle—all these actually court the attention of the operatic scene-painter and stage-manager."

Like some of Liszt's orchestral works, "Saint Elizabeth" was inspired by the sister art of painting. The Wartburg at Weimar is decorated by a series of frescoes by Moritz Schwind which suggested a poem to O. Roquette (Kingsley's dramatic poem "The Saint's Tragedy" treats the same subject). The Grand Duke Alexander sent Roquette's poem to Liszt with the suggestion that he might make musical use of it, and Liszt gladly consented. The result was a work in two parts and six scenes, telling the story of the saint who became proverbial for her pious devotion and persistent almsgiving, which nearly led to her undoing. In the first scene we see her, newly arrived from Hungary, the daughter of a king, becoming betrothed to the boy Ludwig, son of the Landgrave of Thuringia. Several years later, when they are married, a famine devastates the land. To provide means for her almsgiving she sells some of her lands until forbidden to take anything more to the sufferers. One day her husband comes across her with a basket in her hand. To his suspicious question she retorts that there are flowers in the basket. He doubts her word, snatches the basket from her, and lo and behold, a miracle has converted the bread and wine into roses. In the next act Ludwig joins the Crusaders and news soon follows of his death of a fever on his way to the Holy Land. Elizabeth's mother-in-law promptly claims the Wartburg as her inheritance and expels Elizabeth and her children during a violent storm. She finds refuge in a hospital founded by her and continues to help the poor till her death comes, in the midst of her kneeling beneficiaries. Apotheosis.

It might be argued that there is not sufficient action in this plot for an opera; but there is almost as much action in it as in Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," which, as we all know, has held its own tolerably well. That the story around which Liszt wove his music is peculiarly alluring to the scene painter is obvious; and if "Saint Elizabeth" holds its own at the Metropolitan, it will be due in large part to the splendid execution of the scenery by Joseph Urban. But the the music's the thing, after all, as it is in all operas, no matter how vital the plot and how striking the scenery. It is not only in the orchestral score that Liszt makes clear his mastery. As in his lyrics, he shows himself a past master of the use of the voice, and in Florence Eaton the cast fortunately supplied a singer who could do justice to the emotional import of Elizabeth's plaints.

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The audience was deeply interested in the work, which makes an appeal similar to that of "Parsifal." Wagner's swan-song is, indeed, foreshadowed in this score, as is "Tristan"; while, on the other hand, Liszt indulges in reminiscences of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," which were written before his legend, oratorio, sacred drama, opera, or whatever we choose to call it.

Reviews of Plays

"SEVENTEEN"

THIS has not been a hopeless dramatic season, after all. We have before called attention to the fact that nearly every play which showed any real merit has had a considerable run. The war has proved to be not a bad editor, for it has made hard going for the poor work. *Tant mieux!* The instant response of New York to the dramatization of Booth Tarkington's pretty story "Seventeen" is in itself sufficient proof that the stage, even in these hard times, can find ample support if it will fulfil its function worthily.

It would, indeed, have been a pity if a play founded so squarely upon human nature as this one at the Booth Theatre had failed to find favor. It is unnecessary to recount the plot, as Mr. Tarkington's story may be assumed to be familiar to our readers. The story has not suffered at the hands of the adapters, Mr. H. S. Stange and Mr. Stannard Mears, who have shown great skill, and the production under Stuart Walker is delightful in every way. To Gregory Kelly and Lillian Ross, in the parts of Willie and Jane Baxter, must of course be given the chief honors. Mr. Kelly's impersonation of the seventeen-year-old boy, a mixture of small boy and embryonic man, is as true an interpretation of a difficult character as any that we can recall in a number of seasons. While keeping the comedy to the fore, he brings out most delicately the momentary tragedies in this trying stage in a boy's life. In voice and facial control, in walk and gesture, he reveals an artistry that promises well for his future. Miss Ross's Jane is quite as extraordinary in its way, although the range of feeling which she has to manipulate is naturally much smaller: a girl of ten and a youth of seventeen are both wonderful creatures, but the former, we must confess, lacks even transparent subtlety. As a whole the cast is more than adequate.

This is a play which ought, off and on, for some years to be a possibility in American repertory. F.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

A DRAMATIC organization which constantly aspires to be daring and original may be expected to provide uneven bills. The Washington Square Players in their third bill of the season at the Comedy Theatre present but a single play (among the four) which at all approaches their best efforts in the past. This is the clever satire "Suppressed Desires," by G. C. Cook and Susan Glaspell, which deals most amusingly in the stuff of psycho-analysis. When we say that the piece, though slight, is quite perfect of its kind, we are bestowing praise mainly upon the invention, since everything depends in the case of this skit on finding names that lend themselves to the Freudian interpretation. If the comedy unfolded as a result of a dream is absurd, it is no more so than authentic cases to be found in the books of these magic "analyzers."

"Habit" is a flimsy sketch of four persons of various modes of life who are caught in a roof garden by a fire and who fancy that the end has come. The Devil sick a saint would be, but when the danger is over three of the four quickly forget their momentary repentance and relapse into their former habits, while the fourth is forced, willy nilly, into the ways which she would gladly have left. "The Sandbar Queen" is a bit of crude "realism" of the Northwest about which the less said the better. In "Pokey" Philip Moeller manipulates the story of Pocahontas after the manner which he employed in "Helena's Husband" (Helen of Troy), though with less success. As every one knows who has read Mark Twain's "Diary of Adam," this is a form of fooling in practicing which even a master may easily fall down. The idea of putting modern language into the mouths of persons long dead is amusing, but an audience or reader is likely to tire of it long before the situations can be completed. F.

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Finance

The Inflated Currencies

WHAT is the actual opinion of European economists and financiers about the nature and result of the currency inflation concerning which we hear so much? Official Germany denies that her own currency is deranged or depreciated, and her Finance Minister's talks to the Reichstag are marvels of verbal jugglery. Some English journals like the *Economist* have been insisting that England is in a state of dangerous inflation already, because of her war

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Summary of the News

AFTER interruptions and disagreements the Brest-Litovsk peace conference has reached its final, critical stage through the intransigent attitude of Germany. An ultimatum has been delivered to the Russian delegates to the effect that Russia must give up Courland and all the Baltic provinces, or the Germans will resume military operations and occupy Reval within a week. The conference was adjourned until January 29 to await the Russian reply to the ultimatum. The Russian delegates to the conference have already unanimously decided to reject the German demands.

COUNT VON HERTLING has replied to President Wilson's recent address, taking up the fourteen points and outlining Germany's position on those points that concerned her alone. The references to Austria-Hungary and Turkey are left to those respective countries to act upon. The main items of disagreement are those relating to the repatriation of Alsace, control over Poland, and a recasting of the colonial question. The German Chancellor frankly admitted that Belgium and the occupied portions of France are to be held as pawns in the future negotiations.

THE Austro-Hungarian Minister, Count Czernin's, declaration is not wholly in accord with that of the German Chancellor. Count Czernin points out that many of the items contained in President Wilson's speech carried hope of an understanding between America and the Dual Monarchy, and he expressed a substantial agreement with the President's views regarding the future of Poland. There is no doubt that, while Count von Hertling has openly joined the reactionary Pan-German party, and thus hindered the further hope of an understanding between Germany and the Allies or Russia, Count Czernin's opinions are indicative of a different spirit, and are probably dictated by the desperate conditions that have become apparent in the political and economic structure of the Dual Empire.

THAT these conditions are producing a crisis is frequently in evidence by reports through trustworthy neutral channels of strikes and disorders in Vienna and other large cities. Large demonstrations for peace by the starving populace are of daily occurrence, the strikers in factories are unappeased, while the press has heaped recriminations on the control exerted over the Dual Monarchy by her German ally. Nor is the latter able, through a more rigid censorship, to keep the world from knowing of the widespread dissatisfaction of the German proletariat with the results of the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk. The Socialist spokesman, Scheidemann, has informed the Reichstag Main Committee that the military leaders of Germany would be "hurled from power" if they did not bring about peace.

THE Bolshevik Government is likewise facing a crisis throughout the Empire owing to the stagnation of transportation and the anarchical conditions prevailing wherever its authority is being contested. Teutonic and Turkish forces are reported to be helping to maintain order in Petrograd. Fighting is severe in Finland, where the Red Guards of the Bolshevik Government have been defeated. In the Ukraine, whose independence has been recognized both by the Bolshevik régime and by the Quadruple Alliance, order has been established now that peace has been ratified. The German Government frankly states that it expects supplies from the fertile Ukraine as a result of peace. Although the Cossacks, abandoned by the Ukrainians in their fight against the Bolshevik régime, are still united against this authority, yet recent reports indicate that internal dissension is rife among them and that the Don Congress has now disavowed the leadership of Gen. Kaledines.

SENATOR CHAMBERLAIN, of Oregon, in support of his bill for the creation of a Ministry of Munitions, has made a scathing indictment of the War Department's failure to facilitate supplies for the army, and has charged its administration, since the declaration of war, with incompetency. President Wilson has defended Secretary Baker against these charges, and the Secretary is himself now answering them before the Senate Military Committee.

SECRETARY BAKER, in refuting Senator Chamberlain's charges, explained that the War Department was making every effort to equip and maintain a larger number of men in France than was at first intended, and that this unprecedented size, having taxed the national resources, had led to some delays and to the making of errors. Instead of having transported only 100,000 men to France up to the end of last year, as originally intended, a total of 500,000 men would be in France early this year, while 1,000,000 more men were available for active service as soon as ships could be provided. Secretary Baker stated that the lack of ships was the crux of the problem.

DISSATISFACTION is rife in England over the conduct of the war by the Imperial General Staff, and an attack has been made upon its director, Sir William Robertson. The failure to avail itself to the utmost of the Cambrai offensive, due to inefficiency among those in authority, and in addition the decision of the Government not to discuss the matter, have raised a storm of criticism in the press. Charges that caste plays an important part in the direction of military affairs, and that expert civilian knowledge is not used to the best advantage in the prosecution of the war, have been made by the powerful Northcliffe press.

THE submarine is becoming an important issue both in Germany and among the Allies. Following upon the recent reports of revolts in the German navy over the drafts for submarine and patrol service, details of the trouble at the submarine base of Kiel are now available. During a recent rebellion of mine-sweeping crews, machine guns were turned upon the disaffected elements, and 44 sailors were killed and 75 wounded before order was restored. Among the Allies every diminution of sinkings is usually regarded as a prelude to greater submarine effort. The British Admiralty report for the past week includes the loss of only six vessels of over 1,600 tons, while six others were unsuccessfully attacked. The French report the loss of two vessels of over 1,600 tons and one of smaller size.

AIRPLANE activity during the past week was considerable. British airplanes have bombarded the occupied sections of Belgium and German Alsace. On the western front air fighting has preponderated now that the artillery actions are increasingly prevalent. The Allies report thirty-six enemy planes destroyed, while Berlin lays claim to the destruction of twenty-five Allied planes. On the night of January 29 two attacks were made on London by German air raiders. No details are available as to the damage done, but the British report that one of the raiders was engaged by airplanes and brought down.

THE fighting on the western front, pending the heralded German offensive, has resolved itself into violent artillery duels, and a series of trench raids for the purpose of uncovering German plans. That a German drive is expected to result from the national reaction to the Chancellor's report on the Brest-Litovsk conference is the Allied opinion, and preparations are being made to deal with the effort, which will be considerable, owing to the large reinforcements resulting from changes on the eastern front. On the Italian front the unexpected withdrawal of the Teutonic forces from the alpine region near Monte Tombe is regarded as the abandonment of any further Teutonic effort to break the Piave line. One of the reasons attributed for this retreat is the important blow struck by the French in this region, which netted a large body of prisoners. Artillery actions are still the dominating factor.

SECRETARY BAKER has appointed Edward R. Stettinius, a member of J. P. Morgan & Co., as Surveyor-General of all army purchases. Mr. Stettinius has hitherto had charge of all the important purchases made for the Allies in this country since the beginning of the war.

THE Fuel Administration has outlined a new scheme for coal distribution by a division of the country's bituminous coal fields into twenty districts. This system of zone distribution has been successfully applied in England, and it is expected, when the new plans are available, that a great saving in transportation will be effected, with a corresponding increase in channels and means of distribution. Meanwhile, an embargo has been placed upon the transport of all supplies that are not reckoned vital as food or fuel.

THE harassing question of railway congestion has received prompt attention. Evidence has uncovered the fact that many of the railways of the country had failed, prior to their control by the Government, to order sufficient locomotives and rolling stock. This deficiency is now being supplied by the seizure of numbers of locomotives ordered by the Russian Government before the ascendency of the Bolsheviki.

NEGOTIATIONS between this Government and Holland for the release of the large fleet of Dutch ships detained in American waters has ended in the Government gaining its point. For the past year the Dutch and Scandinavian owners have been asked by the Shipping Board to release these vessels for national use, since the War Trade Board had refused clearance for their cargoes of foodstuffs and fodder that might be available for Germany. The agreement now concluded releases 500,000 tons of shipping for purposes of national trade, the Dutch Government being assured that the vessels will be used outside the submarine zone.

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loans and her "currency notes," but other English economists deny it.

Is there such a thing as neutral opinion in the matter? Perhaps the French economists, who are always very detached philosophers, would come nearest to it. A few weeks ago the important Société d'Economie Politique, of Paris, discussed the actual state of things in this direction, and the probable consequences. Judgment differed as to the extent of inflation in the several countries. Of England especially, one of the economists held that, on the basis of comparison with conditions before the war, that was one of the countries in which inflation had developed the most rapidly. Another contended that, while inflation in France was an inflation of the currency, in England it was only inflation of credits.

The well-known economist, Raphael Georges Levy, affirmed that while there was inflation in the United Kingdom, it was relatively "feeble," and that the United States was not under an inflation régime at all. England had escaped the condition of France, he explained, by avoiding recourse by the Government to the Bank of England for borrowings against which notes should be issued.

The dangers resulting from Europe's inflated currencies, he predicted, would be gravest during the "liquidation" of war-time finance. However close are the present financial bonds of the Allies, they will relax in the aftermath of war. After the Franco-Prussian War, the French Government took four years in repaying its debt to the bank, and it was seven years (1871 to 1878) before specie payments were fully resumed by the Bank of France. He did not attempt to say how long it would take on this occasion. Two years ago, M. Leroy-Beaulieu predicted that ten years would be necessary.

Remarkable Trade Figures

FINANCIAL readers got one complete surprise in the foreign trade figures for December, given out on Wednesday of last week. The month had ended with reports of a fleet of merchant ships, unable to leave our Eastern harbors, because of lack of coal. Freight billed to Europe was accumulating on the docks, backing up into railway terminals, and preventing the unloading of cars. Even the weekly statements of wheat shipped in December gave a total approximately 5,000,000 bushels less than the year before.

Yet the trade statement showed that, in value at any rate, the country's exports of merchandise in December were $65,000,000 greater than the highest previous record for the month. They were $100,000,000 larger than in November. In fact, they surpassed the outgo of any other month in our history except last January—just before the new submarine order by Germany.

How is this seeming anomaly to be explained? For one thing, it is probable that many of the previously interned German steamers were put into commission during December. Apparently, there was less diversion of shipping facilities to transport troops to Europe than in the several preceding months. The rise in prices certainly counted in the increase of total value of goods exported; for *Bradstreet's* index-number average on December 31 was 10 per cent. above that at the end of July and 30 per cent. above that at the close of 1916.

Still, values also count in the international balance. The December trade figures show at least the fallacy of the notion that the movement of neutral foreign exchange against us was a result of diminishing commercial power. As for the full year's figures, merchandise exports from the United States in 1917 were $540,000,000 greater than in 1916, $2,600,000,000 above 1915, and $3,700,000,000 above the best annual record before the war. Excess of exports over imports overtopped 1916 by $194,000,000, and 1915 by $1,500,000,000, and was nearly five times as great as the high record prior to 1914.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Dehan, R. Under the Hermes. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Douglas, N. South Wind. Dodd, Mead. $1.60 net.
Sélincourt, H. de. Nine Tales. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Sinclair, M. The Tree of Heaven. Macmillan.
Tinayre, M. To Arms. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Vallotton, B. Potterat and the War. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bernstein, H. The Willy-Nicky Correspondence: The Secret and Intimate Telegrams between the Kaiser and the Czar. Knopf. $1 net.
Blanchon, G. The New Warfare. Crowell.
Cooper, J. M. Analytical and Critical Bibliography of the Tribes of Tierra del Fuego and Adjacent Territory. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Ezra Pound. His Metric and Poetry. Knopf.
Gill, C. C. Naval Power in the War. Doran. $1.25 net.

POETRY

Millay, E. St. V. Renascence and Other Poems. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.
Stitt, I., and Ward, L. To-morrow and Other Poems. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Strachey, M. Sketches in Verse. London: Blackwell.
Walsh, T. Gardens Overseas and Other Poems. Lane. $1.25 net.
Warren, G. O. Trackless Regions. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.
Wernaer, R. M. The Soul of America. Boston: Four Seas. $1.25 net.
Williams, G. Poems of Conformity. Oxford University Press.

TEXTBOOKS.

Adams, H. C. Description of Industry: An Introduction to Economics. Holt.
Byers, H. G. Inorganic Chemistry. Scribner.
Carroll, L. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Ginn. 56 cents net.
Cooper, J. F. The Spy. Edited by B. Griffin. Ginn. 64 cents.
Dodge, M. M. Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates. Ginn. 64 cents.
Ewing, J. H. Jackanapes and Other Stories. Ginn. 56 cents net.
Giese, W. F., and Cerf, B. Simplest Spoken French.
Goldsmith, O. She Stoops to Conquer. Edited by D. Miles. Ginn. 36 cents.
Hamilton, S. Hamilton's Standard Arithmetic. Books I, II, and III. American Book Co.
Hart, A. B. New American History. American Book Co.
Hitchcock, A. M. Composition and Rhetoric. Holt.
Jarvis, C. H. The Teaching of History. Oxford University Press. $1.80.
La Rue, D. W. The Science and the Art of Teaching. American Book Co.
Secrist, H. An Introduction to Statistical Methods. Macmillan. $2 net.
The Indian Captivity of O. M. Spencer. Edited by M. M. Quaife. Lakeside Classics. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.
Thurston, E. The Madras Presidency. Provincial Geographies of India. Putnam.

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